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No.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY:

OR,

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

First American Edition,

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY S & D. A. FORBES,

No. 455 Broadway.

1829.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Presented to Charles
Lovell from his
Father's Dear friend
C. Pluggard
Lexington

William Montgomery; or, the Young Artist.

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CHAPTER I.

Miss Johnstone persued the most judicious manner, to correct the faults and strengthen the virtues of the young people under her care, for several years, without any material change taking place amongst them. Jamie still persevered in his early predilection for the sea, and Mrs. Campbell, the joint guardian with Helen of the children, strongly advised his being permitted to follow the bent of his wishes, as, in the state of public affairs, a long war was to be expected, and from his connexions, he might hope to do very well in the Navy. Alas! his Aunt thought it but too likely that he might, and therefore, though it had very

nearly broken her heart, she at last gave the coveted permission.

Tom Duncan was now a Post Captain; he had distinguished himself in an engagement with a French Frigate, and had been promoted immediately. He was at this time on a visit to his Father, and Miss Johnstone wished that Jamie should at least begin his new life under so steady a friend. The arrangement was soon made; Captain Duncan was as fond of Jamie now, as he had been when he first knew him. Whilst Helen and her Niece (now a beautiful girl of sixteen, and as amiable as she was beautiful,) were busily employed in prepairing Jamie's wardrobe for his expected departure, he and Charlie set out to walk to the Grange, to pay a parting visit to the honest Farmer; who still kept his health, and looked very little older than he did at the time of his visit to the Eagle.

The boys were both out of spirits. They were going to part, for the first time, from the commencement of their acquaintance; their friendship had been productive of nothing but happiness and benefit to each of them; and now they knew not when they

might have an opportunity of personally renewing it. They appeared, however, to have changed characters, for Jamie's face, as he walked along, was drowned in tears, whilst Charlie, though excessively pale, was composed, and his step was firm. For some time they walked on in silence, holding each other by the hand, as if they feared the parting hour was come. At last Jamie said, "I am glad, Charlie, that admiral Mayne has asked you to spend the Winter with him in Edinburgh. I think I am less miserable than if I knew you were to stay here to wander about by yourself."

"It was very kind of him, Jamie, though I am sorry to be obliged to leave Stirling; for, so far from feeling happier at being in a different spot, I think I should find a melancholy pleasure in visiting every place where we have been used to walk, and calling to my recollection all you have ever done or said."

"Ah! you will be better away, Charlie, I am sure you will; and I hope when you write to me from Edinburgh, you will tell me that you are better and happier, or I shall never forgive myself for leaving you.

Indeed I did not think it would have caused you so much pain, or I should have given it up at once."

"Don't vex yourself, my dear Jamie; I feel I have no right to such a sacrifice. In fact, I ought to have prepared my mind long ago for what has now happened. You have been uniform in your assertions that you would be a sailor, from the time we were on board the Eagle; yet, somehow, I never once believed it, or at least, if I ever thought it possible, I imagined that your dear Aunt would never be able to bear parting from you. The certainty, therefore, of our seprating, has come upon me unawares. I cannot, if I would, hide from you what I am suffering; but give me a few days and you shall see me restored, in some degree, to myself, though never can I expect to *feel* as I have done before."

"Oh! Charlie," cried Jamie, "if I could but see you cry as bitterly as you used to do, when I first knew you, I should not be half so miserable as I am now, listening to that solemn voice, and seeing that marble countenance."

"Jamie! I wish I could cry as I did then,

for, painful as that was to my feelings, it was nothing to what I have since felt. I am, however, sensible that the exertion I practised over myself to get the better of my childish habits, has been of great service to me, and will prevent me from giving way, for any length of time, to selfish indulgence, either in joy or in grief."

"And kill you, by concealing your griefs: for when I am gone, who is there in the world who can understand your feelings, and guard you from the continual rubs which you are so likely to meet with, in mixing with the world? How would you ever have got through Chalmer's School without me to defend you?"

"I must learn, my dear friend, to defend myself; pehaps it is better for me to be inured to such sort of rubs, as you call them; for till I am, I feel sure I shall never be of use, either to myself or to any of my friends."

"You will kill yourself!" exclaimed Jemie, in an agony of tears—"and I shall never forgive myself for being so selfish as to leave you."

"You mistake me greatly, Jamie; I know

too well how much pain it would give to my friends, were I to hurt my health by fretting; and I hope your Aunt's precepts, and the religious instructions I have received from my worthy Father, will prevent me from giving way to the feelings I now have, for any length of time. Had I only allowed myself once to believe it possible that you would leave us, all my present pain would have been spared, and you would have seen nothing of my *marble countenance*. Do not, therefore, make yourself miserable about me. I think I know *myself* better than most boys of my age, and I am confident that I do not promise more than I can perform, when I say, that in a week from this time, you will see me again as rosy as yourself."

After a great deal of the same sort of conversation, Charles succeeded in re-assuring his friend; and for the rest of the way they talked on other subjects. To account for Jamie's agitation this morning, we must inform our readers that he had received a great shock, which as it came quite unexpectedly, was felt the more.

The final decision of his going to sea had not been settled till two days preceding their

walk to the Grange, when Helen had, at last, given her reluctant consent. Full of delight at having gained his favourite point, Jamie flew to Charlie the moment he returned from his walk, to tell him the joyful news, totally forgetting, in his own happiness, the misery the separation was to give both himself and his friend. Charlie who had been so accustomed to hear Jamie talk of going to sea, had taught himself to consider it as something like the threat held out to children, when they are told the fairies will take them, if they are not good; he had therefore not attached the slightest credit to what he heard, as he imagined friend Helen would never agree to any such scheme. Now when Jamie, with eager impatience, repeated the assertion, that Aunt Helen had at last given her consent, and that it was settled that he was to go with Tom Duncan, Charlie was in a moment struck with the conviction of the truth of a misfortune for which he was very ill prepared. For an insiant he tried to smile, and open his lips to congratulate his friend: but his strength was not so great as his resolution, and in one moment Jamie saw him lying dead (as he supposed) at his

feet. His screams soon brought Nelly and his Aunt to his assistance, but it was nearly an hour ere Charlie was at all sensible, and during the whole night Miss Johnstone was alarmed lest a serious illness should be the consequence. Towards morning he fell into a restless sleep; but gradually became easier, and at eight o'clock he insisted upon getting up, as he said he felt himself quite well. The surgeon advised Helen to comply with his wishes, as perhaps the sight of Jamie's tears might provoke his own, for till now he had shed none. The experiment, however, did not succeed. Charlie was quiet; but he shed no tears, and only spoke when addressed by his friend Helen or Jamie. He heard Helen in the evening say that it would be imposible for Jamie to go to the Grange, to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, as she had intended him to do; she could not allow him to see Charlie nor was Charlie in a state to go with him.

"Yes, dear friend," said Charlie, rising and coming close to her, "I am quite able to go to the Grange, and indeed I think the walk will do me good. It will be the last walk I shall have with Jamie for many a

day." His lips trembled, and a tear started to his eye; and Helen was in hopes that now he would indulge in shedding tears and be relieved; but in a moment his agitation subsided, and his features returned to the same cold, marble appearance, they had assumed all day.

"If you are better, my dear," said Helen watching him, "you shall go with Jamie; but you must sleep well through the night, and look more like yourself, or I cannot let you go."

"I will try," answered he, "and now, if you please, I would rather go to bed."

Helen saw him put to bed, and would have watched by him; but he so earnestly entreated to be left by himself, that she yielded and retired. Some hours afterwards, on looking into his room, she found that he was asleep, and apparently composed. In the morning he was up, and dressed for his walk, before she had left her room. He spoke more easily than he had done the evening before, and was evidently better though he was still pale, and his eyes heavy. "The walk will do me good," said he, in answer to her remonstrances against his going to

the Grange, "and besides, I must learn to attach myself more strongly to the dear friends I have there, in order to reconcile me to my separation from Jamie." The surgeon, coming in at that moment, thought it advisable to permit him to take the walk, as change of scene was the most likely thing to restore him to himself. Jamie could not forgive himself, for having acted towards so dear a friend as he had done; and had almost made up his mind to give up the sea altogether, rather than see Charlie look as he now did.

Their walk back to Stirling was nearly as melancholy as that to the Grange. Jamie had been greatly agitated by the solemn charge Mr. Duncan had laid upon his son Tom, to be watchful over him both in his spiritual and temporal interests, and also with the leave the Farmer took of himself. "Five years ago, Jamie," said he, "you thought me a very old man, and I can assure you I have not grown younger since; I may if it please God, live to see you return; but it is not very likely: therefore believe that this is our last parting, and remember my words after I am in the grave. Let no tempta-

tion, however strong, make you forget your prayers, evening and morning; and read your bible as regularly as your duty will allow you the necessary time." Jamie pressed his hand, and promised to remember his injunctions; and, after a warm embrace from his old friend, left the farm, accompanied by Tom, who thought the boys would, in their present frame of mind, be the better for a companion during their walk.

"Don't let what my good Father said distress you, Jamie," said Tom. "He said the very same words to me when I first left him, under Captain Mayne's care; yet, you see, I have come back again and again, whilst he looks as well and nearly as young as he did then."

"I hope, Tom, that my Father may live many years, and see Jamie often again; yet still I would not forget that he is an old man, and that there are many chances of their not meeting."

"Pooh! Charlie, what a croaker! you are as bad as my Father himself. Jamie, however, has more of my nature than to attend to your raven voice. He will look on the bright side, and believe that, when he re-

turns, he will find all his friends as well and as happy as he leaves them."

"I hope he will, Tom; yet I would fain guard him against trusting too much to that hope. I have suffered too severely, in one instance, from being sanguine in my expectations, not to wish to spare my friend from the possibility of bitter disappointment."

Tom thought it best to let the subject drop, and therefore said, "How do you, Charlie, like the thoughts of a winter in Edinburgh? I dined with the Admiral yesterday, and he seems to think as highly of your drawings as he did when you visited him in the Eagle."

"I feel his kindness and approbation deeply," said Charlie, "and will do all in my power to merit both. Yet I think my friend Helen right, in insisting on my attending College this winter, instead of devoting my whole time (as the Admiral wished) to fitting myself for an Artist."

"I am quite surprised to hear that this is your opinion, Charlie. I thought you preferred drawing to every thing else!"

"So I should, if taste were the only thing to be considered; but my dear kind friend

has so explained her reasons against the plan, that I am now perfectly convinced she is right, and nothing shall induce me to exceed the one day in the week, she has already allowed me to spend in my favorite studies."

"What reasons does she give for this limitation? She does not object to your eventually following the profession of an Artist, does she?"

"No. Far from it; but she insists (and I think her right, as far as I can judge,) that I can never rise to any eminence, as an Artist, unless my mind is well cultivated in other respects; and for this reason, she wishes me to take the opportunity the Admiral's kindness gives me of attending to my classical education. The other, she is pleased to say, from my natural genius will easily be acquired when I am more advanced in age; whereas, if I neglect my studies now, the time may never be regained."

"Well, you may be all right," said Tom, laughing; "but I am glad my Father did not make me study Latin and Greek, instead of sending me to sea when he did, for that would not have done. I should never have

been a Post Captain in my life. I dare say, Jamie, you agree with me on this subject, and rejoice that your Aunt has let you escape from such a fag."

"I don't know, Tom; perhaps it would have been better if my Aunt had desired to make me a scholar, and withheld her consent to my wishes. Charlie may do as well as ever I shall, in the line he has chosen."

"Yes, yes, that is all very true; but still, you do not mean to compare the pleasure of being a Post Captain to that of being only an Artist: even Charlie, with all his partiality for drawing, cannot do that."

Charlie smiled, as he said, "indeed, Tom, I do; for I think the pleasure of being an Artist ten thousand degrees greater to me than that of being even an Admiral."

"Take care, Charlie, what you say," cried Jamie, with more of his usual cheerfulness, than they had heard before, "you will make Tom and me quarrel, if you talk in that way."

"Why should we quarrel, Jamie? If I were inclined to quarrel with any one, it would be with Charlie himself."

"He is afraid you will call me milksop, I suppose, Tom; and that has always been a signal to him for a pitched battle; many a hard blow he has given and received in order to refute the charge against me, though I am afraid his cause was not a very just one."

"Just, or unjust," said Jamie, warmly, "I will fight any one I ever hear utter the disgraceful epithet against you; so I warn you, Tom, if we are to remain friends, you must neither say nor even *think* any thing so degrading to my friend."

"Indeed you need not fear, Jamie, that I shall *think* such a thing of Charlie; for, though he has a different taste from me, I am not quite sure that he has not greater courage than either you or I have."

"Do you really mean so, Tom?" returned Jamie, with evident surprise.

"Yes, I do; and I will tell you in what way he shews his courage. He willingly submits his own wishes, and resigns the pleasure of indulging in his favorite pursuit, to the voice of reason, and the judgement of his tried friend. Now, that is greater courage than either you or I have. We both

have resisted the advice of our friends, and have, contrary to their inclinations, obliged them to yield their judgement to gratify us: so that, though perhaps we may brave danger more cooly and determinedly, than he perhaps ever could, yet let us recollect that he has as far surpassed us in overcoming the enemies of his moral duty, as we can ever surpass him, in overcoming those of our country, and so far from despising him, or calling him Milksop, I shall honor him from the bottom of my heart as long as I live."

This praise from Tom had the happiest effects upon the spirits of his Brother. It produced a violent shower of tears, which from that time relieved his chest from the oppressive load that had lain there, and by the time they got home, he had quite recoved himself. His face was still paler than usual, yet, had lost the cold statue-like appearance which had alarmed Jamie, and even his eye had regained something of its usual brilliancy.

James remained two days with his friends, from this time, and then, after many a heart-breaking adieu, set out for London, under

Tom's care, whose ship was lying at Chatham. It was no small trial to Helen, thus to part from a boy, for whom she felt all the affection of which her kind heart was capable. Convinced in her own mind, however, that he had chosen the line he was best qualified to follow, she resolutely struggled with herself, to prevent her feelings from injuring him by withholding her consent to his wishes, or from allowing him to see all she suffered. "No," said she, to herself, "if I once yield, and permit him to leave me, I must overcome the weakness of fretting about what cannot be cured. I must neither make myself ill by unreasonable anxiety, nor must I set the example of selfish indulgence to his sister, and scarcely less dear friend." Accordingly, after the first day was over, she appeared in the sitting room, and taught Mary, by her example, to stifle her tears and resume her usual occupations.

The following day, from their receipt of Jamie's last letter from England, brought Charlie's summons to repair to Admiral Mayne, who intended to go to Edinburgh the next day. Our young friend was, there-

fore, under the necessity of leaving Stirling that night, in order to see his Father and Mother, who would naturally expect him at the Grange. His kind friend exerted herself to give him courage to say adieu, and, as a cordial which she had reserved for the moment of parting, she whispered in his ear, that she had some intention of following him in the course of a few weeks. This quite revived his sinking spirits, and she had the satisfaction of seeing him leave her in a much happier frame of mind than she had expected.

Those who are left behind on such occasions, are always most to be pitied. Change of scene, new faces, and new interests, rise in succession, to amuse the traveller, and reconcile him, at least in part, to the separation; whilst those who remain feel only the dreadful blank their friend has left, without having, for some time, the means of diverting their attention from their loss. If they read, his name meets them on the book, or the scratching of his pen under the passages which have most struck him; if they walk, his image accompanies them, and they recollect with a sigh how he looked

when he last pointed out to them some beauty that struck him in the surrounding scenery. All this was deeply felt by both Hellen and her niece; it seemed as if they had, in losing Charlie, a second time parted from Jamie, and though both of them, for some weeks, excited themselves to overcome their grief, and hide their feelings from each other, Helen felt that neither of them were making much progress towards regaining serenity, and therefore resolved as soon as possible to change the scene, and go for a few months to Edinburgh.

She had intended to do this for some time, in order to give her niece the advantage of the best masters, to finish her education. The boys being with her put it out of her power; but, now that they had both left her, she resolved to seize the opportunity, and accordingly began to make her arrangements for leaving home.

CHAPTER II.

"How should you like a visit to Edinburgh, Mary? "asked her Aunt one evening; "I have a great mind to go and see how Charlie is going on with the Admiral."

"O! not at all," replied Mary, turning very pale.

"Why, my dear? I thought you had been very anxious to see Edinburgh. I heard you say so only the other day."

"And so I am, dear Aunt; though not sufficiently, to induce me to meet Jessie!"

"You should forget, and forgive, Mary! It is five years since you saw her; much may be done in that time, you know by experience. You may find Jessie quite as much improved as you are yourself, and she may now have as great a horror of a lie, and be as anxious to perform her duties, as I am persuaded you are."

"She may soon be more faithful in performing them than I am, Aunt; for every

day seems to make the labor of correcting my temper, and regulating my mind, the greater."

"I am glad, my dear, you feel it so; for that is a convincing proof that your amendment is considerable, already, and likely to become much more so as you advance in life. We are placed here in the world, like children in a nursery, to be trained and excited to exertion, in order that we may subdue whatever is evil within us, and fit ourselves for heaven, when God, in His good time, sees it meet to remove us thither. As long as we are in the world, we must all feel difficulties in ruling our minds according to the exact line of duty; yet, if we conscientiously endeavor to keep a watch over our thoughts, the task becomes easier every day. I am sure you find it less difficult now to prevent yourself from getting into a violent passion, than when I gave you the wax doll."

"Yes, Aunt, to be sure I do; but then, you know, I was a little firebrand!"

"Well, reformation of character cannot be expected all at once. You must endeavor to improve as much in the next five years

as you have in the last, and then I trust you will feel more satisfied with yourself than you do at present."

"Do you know, Aunt, that the scene I went through with Jessie, coming so soon after the punishment you had inflicted on me, did me more good than any thing I ever met with."

"Then you are under a great obligation to Jessie, and ought not now to have such an objection to meet her; perhaps she may do you as much good now, as she did formerly.

"I scarcely have courage to encounter another such a day as I spent with her at Garfin; far less a whole week, even with the chance of receiving the promised benefit; nevertheless if you seriously wish me to go with you, I will try to submit, for what would I not do to please or gratify you to whom I owe so much!"

"Thank you, my beloved girl, for this proof of your affection. I do not, however, mean to put you to quite so severe a trial as a week under the same roof with Jessie; I hope and trust she is much amended since we saw her; yet I won't risk either your

comfort or my own, by going to be inmates of the same family. I intend taking a house for ourselves, and spending two or three months in Edinburgh; in order that you may have the advantages of a music and drawing master. Now what do you say to my plan?"

„ That I like it of all things!" cried Mary, skipping from her seat, and kissing her Aunt: "It is the kindest thing you could do for me, and I hope it will do us both good."

"Saucy girl! what good do you think I require, that you include me in the promised improvement?"

"It will make my dear Auntie more like herself, and restore to her the cheerfulness Jamie's absence has nearly banished from her."

"I believe you are right, Mary; I do want a little rousing; and since we are both agreed, I shall settle my affairs here, and leave home next Thursday."

On meeting Mrs. Campbell and Jessie it was very plain that neither of them had forgotten the scene at Carfin, though they both thought it prudent to cover their feelings un-

der an excessive display of love and affection.

Miss Johnstone received their kindness with tenderness though she forbore to make any professions beyond what she actually felt. Mrs. Campbell. on her brother's account, was still dear to her, and it had pained her affectionate heart to have lived so many years estranged from her, for, though there had been an apology written to her, soon after the memorable meeting at Carfin, there never had been that degree of cordiality on Isabella's part towards her from that time.

"Charlie (or rather as we must now begin to call him Charles,) was the first to welcome his friend Helen and her niece to Auld Rekie. His spirits were apparently quite restored, and Helen listened with delight to the account he gave her of all that had happened to him from the time he had left her. He was full of the kindness shewn to him by the Admiral, who, in every way, strove to render his residence with him both useful and agreeable. His Father had given him, at parting, a sufficient sum to pay for the classes he was to attend at College,

and the few personal expenses he might be unavoidably led into, but his means would not allow him to do more. The Admiral, however, thought that, at least, since he was permitted to devote one day in the week to drawing, he could do that more profitably to himself under a good Master, and had therefore been at the expense of placing him with Mr. Naesmyth, the most eminent teacher in Edinburgh. He had already finished one piece, which he had wished very much to send to Stirling, but the Admiral had claimed it as his own, and had taken it from him and put it away some where, so that he had never seen it since the day he had brought it home.

"I hope, some day," continued he, "to be able to repay the Admiral the expense he is at with me. For his kindness I am willing to remain his debtor as long as I live."

"That is a proper feeling, Charles; and I hope you will be able to fulfil your intention. No one ought to allow himself to lie under pecuniary obligations longer than he can help, though, in your present circumstances, it would be equally wrong to re-

fuse assistance which is so kindly bestowed."

When Miss Johnstone met the Admiral, he was in high spirits. "We shall make an artist of your protect, Miss Johnstone, in spite of all your restrictions. Naesmyth says he never had such a promising genius under him. He has sent a piece that the younker has finished, to London; and he flatters me with the hope of getting something handsome for it. Don't you blab, however, on any account, as I mean to surprise him if we succeed; and there is no use in letting him know any thing about it if we are disappointed.

"I hope, most sincerely, Admiral, that you will not be disappointed; Charles cannot expect his Father to be at much more expense with his education, yet, you and I know that it is scarcely begun, to make him fit either for an artist or any other profession likely to suit him. He is a boy of no common abilities, in many more ways than drawing. He was, with the exception of the first two or three months after he went to school, always at the head of his class, and I have no doubt he will distinguish himself equally

at College. It would, therefore, be a thousand pities that he should not have the opportunity of cultivating his mind as fully as it deserves. If, through your kindness, he is enabled to make a little money by his drawings, I have no doubt his Eather will easily be prevailed on to finish the remainder.'

"It is the very end I have in view; and Naesmyth thinks it may be accomplished. I will myself, as far as lays in my power, give him every assistance; but alas! my abilities are not now what they have been, and to do all that may be thought necessary, I fear will be more than my purse can cover." As he said this he sighed deeply, and Miss Johnstone, who well knew that, through the villany of a friend, he had been nearly ruined, endeavored to turn his thoughts into a different channel, by relating what Charles had said to her the evening before. "I cannot myself Admiral," said she, give him any pecuniary assistance at present; for, though my income is quite sufficient for my own wants, it is so peculiarly tied up, that not a sixpence of the capital can be touched till the children are of age.

When that time arrives, if Charles requires it, I shall be able to advance him a sufficicient sum to launch him into the world, either as an Artist, or in any other line he may fix on, and, knowing that I shall have this in my power, I am anxious to decide on some method of completing his education."

"The Admiral's eyes glistened as he held out his hand to Helen, and pressing it warmly, he said:

"Let us keep a good heart; we shall manage it in some way or other. If I am not greatly mistaken, the younker himself will help us out of our difficulty; and that, perhaps, will be better than if we had the money to give him. He will know the value of industry, and learn by times to be sober, and careful; and have a proper respect for himself."

Miss Johnstone and Mary had spent the day at Mr. Campbell's on their return to their return home. Helen asked Mary how she was pleased with Jessie, and whether she thought she was more amiable than she had promised to be, when they met her at Carfin.

"I don't know, Aunt, how to answer your

question. She does not fly in a passion with me, nor does she tell such deliberate fibs as she did then, yet her manners do not please me. There is a slyness about her, and a degree of affected fondness, which I cannot believe she feels, and which I, for my part, certainly cannot return. This keeps me in a constant fret all the time I am with her. I may perhaps be unjust, however, and recollect more than I ought of former times."

"No, Mary, you are not unjust; and, though it is very disagreeable to me to be obliged to point out defects in any one, and still more in one so nearly related to you, I think it my duty to make you fully aware of Jessie's character; for in case of my death before your Brother is of age, your poor Father has settled that you must reside with his Sister; and consequently you would be Jessie's constant companion. I have been too deeply interested, therefore, in all that can have a chance of affecting you, not to endeavor to study your Cousin's character and conduct very narrowly, since I came to town; and the result has been far from satisfactory. Jessie is exactly the same creature she was when we met her at Car-

fin—with this difference only, that experience has taught her the necessity of throwing a veil over her defects, and assuming, upon all common occasions, that insinuating smile, and gentle manner, which will often succeed in making her be believed amiable; this, added to the flattery she so liberally bestows on all, whom she thinks it worth while to conciliate, will make her a very general favorite. I consider her now as a far more dangerous companion for you than she was five years ago. Then, her faults were so marked, and so disagreeable, that they tended to cure you of what you found in yourself at all resembling her. Now, on the contrary, she throws such a plausibility over all her actions, and effects so much candour and sincerity, that. were you not put on your guard, she might deceive you, and lead you on to a degree of confidence highly dangerous. Be always civil and kind, but never trust her; for if you do, she will betray your firiendship, and, if in her power, render you miserable."

"God forbid I should ever be under the necessity of living with such a character!" said Mary, solemnly; "independently of my

attachment to you, and the fear I must naturally have of losing one who has been a Mother to me, you have now given me another reason for dreading, more than ever, the possibility of such an event. Would there be no way of avoiding it?"

"None in the world, my dear; unless Mrs. Campbell chose to decline having you with her, and that is very unlikely."

"I fear it is;" returned Mary; "my only hope therefore is, that there never may be an opportunity for my destination to depend upon her."

"I sincerely hope, my dear, you may never be exposed to the danger of living with Jessie, though it is perhaps wrong in me to feel so anxious on the subject, as I do. God knows what is best for us all, and He will not cast your lot there, if he does not see the trial necessary, and good. Let us reflect on this, and rely with firmness on His love, for in whatever situations we are placed, with that to comfort us, we cannot fail to be happy."

The following morning Jessie called in high spirits, to tell them that her Mamma had, at last, consented to take her to the

Queen's Assembly, and had sent her to beg that Miss Johnstone and Mary would be of the party. Helen looked at her with astonishment.

"What, Jessie!" said she, "is it possible that I understand you! Does your Mother really mean to introduce to the world, as women, girls who are little more than sixteen years old?"

"Dear, yes, ma'am! It is quite the fashion, now, and Mamma says she is sure it will do us both good, by letting us see the manners of genteel society."

"I fear, Jessie, she will be disappointed in her expectations: however, as I do not approve of making children women before their time, I must decline her invitation to join your party, both for myself and Mary."

Jessie tried every coaxing art she was mistress of, to prevail on the *cross old Maid*, as she commonly styled Helen, to alter her determination; as more depended on her success than she chose to tell: Mr. Campbell's promise of allowing her to go to the Assembly was conditional, and only provided that Mary was permitted to be of the party. On her return home, she endeavor-

ed to get over this difficulty, by irritating her Mother against Miss Johnstone, representing her to have said many disrespectful things of Mrs. Campbell's judgement; but, however much inclined Isabella might feel to take offence at Hellen, she had it not in her power to go to the Assembly without her, as Mr. Campbell disapproved of the scheme altogether; and had only yielded an unwilling consent, on the plea of its being the only winter Mary was likely to have an opportunity of enjoying any thing of the kind, as her Aunt did not intend returning to Edinburgh till James was of age. Jessie declared that nothing should keep her at home, if it was only to spite the vexatious old maid.

Mrs. Campbell at last yielded, and promised to go herself and try if she could prevail on Helen to agree to her wishes, and Jessie, for the time, was pacified. No arguments, however, could shake Helen's resolution, on a point she thought of real consequence to her beloved niece; and she gave a gentle, though firm, refusal to the Mother, as she had before done to the daughter.

"I am astonished, Isabella," said she, "to find you have such an intention, as to introduce Jessie so soon into society! Do you not recollect all the arguments your dear Mother used to give us, against girls' thus early mixing with the world?"

"I don't think her arguments were at all conclusive; and even if they had weight at the time she lived, the habits and manners of society are so much altered, that her opinion now can have no more force than it would have in making me have my gowns and caps cut after the fashion she preferred."

"If your worthy Mother's opinion, Isabella, has so little weight with you, I cannot, certainly, be surprised at your holding mine in the contempt you profess; yet pardon me, my friend, if I venture to say that I have great doubt if, even with all your anxiety to persuade me to join you in going to this Assembly, you yourself, at the bottom of your heart, are fully satisfied of its propriety."

"I believe you are a witch, Helen, or how could you discover what has never passed my lips? I certainly do not quite like to

take my daughter into company, this winter; but I see that if I do not comply with her wishes, she will fret herself ill, and perhaps throw herself into a consumption.

"In other words, you allow yourself, Isabella, to be ruled, instead of ruling. Trust me, there is no danger of Jessie's loosing her health by any such nonsense, and it is full time for you to let her see that you can be firm, when your understanding shews you that compliance would be hurtful, and contrary to her best interests."

Mrs. Campbell shook her head, as she rose to go. "I will endeavor to persuade her to give it up, but I hope you will go with us if I cannot succeed. If you do not, I know not what may be the consequence, as it is only upon the condition of Mary's being of the party, that Mr. Campbell has given her the permission."

"I shall certainly neither go myself, nor permit Mary to go, Isabella, let the consequences be what they will. If you are so weak as to desert yourself, and act contrary to what you feel to be your duty, merely from fear of Jessie, that is no reason why I

should comply, contrary to the conviction of my own mind."

"Ah! Helen, you don't know what you would do if you were a Mother! An Aunt cannot feel the tenderness that I do, nor know the agony of being obliged to disappoint her only child."

"It is fortunate for Mary, then, that I am not her Mother," said Helen, as she rose to receive Admiral Mayne, who at that moment entered the room, and put an end to the conversation.

The Admiral came full of happiness, at having received a favorable answer with regard to Charles's drawing. The person in London to whom it was sent, had bought it, and returned him ten guineas as the price, promising to find a purchaser for any more that were done by the same Artist. "He knows nothing of the boy's age," said the Admiral: "I thought it best to conceal that, at present, that he might be unbiassed in his judgement. I am now come to consult you on the propriety of letting him into the secret, or of continuing to conceal it."

"I see no use in telling this person any

thing of the matter. It signifies nothing to him what is the age of the Artist, provided his pieces are well enough painted to answer the purposses of sale if he does not find them do so, he is at liberty to reject them. I therefore see nothing unfair in concealing from him that they are executed by such a mere boy: whereas, if he knew his age, he might almost unconsciously undervalue them, and offer a price below what they are really worth."

"You are quite right, Madam," returned the Admiral: "I am glad I did not act on my own judgment, which I suspect was more biassed by vanity and pride in the boy, than by what, on deliberation, was likely to be for his interest. I have likewise another subject, relative to this business, to consult on you. I have made up my mind not to part with Charles, as long as his education can be carried on in Edinburgh. The expense will be but trifling to me, and not beyond what I can do easily. In the mean time he shall continue his drawing under my friend Naesmyth, and whatever of his pieces are thought saleable I shall dispose of without allowing him to know any thing

of the matter. The money I get for them I mean to deposite, as a fund, for enabling him to go abroad when he arrives at a proper age, say eighteen or nineteen; and what with that, and the little assistance I may be able to add to it, I think we may contrive to support him for the few years it will be necessary for him to remain abroad. If my plan succeeds, I have no fear but that, by the time he returns, he will be able to support himself, and repay us, by his kindness and affection, for all we have done for him."

Helen grasped the Admiral's hand, as a proof of thanks and approbation of his kindness; and then said, "On one condition, Admiral. I will agree to your plan; and that is, that when my Nephew James is of age, you will permit him to repay all the pecuniary part of the obligation, unless Charles is able to do it himself."

The Admiral, after some faint objections against coming under any promise on the subject, at last submitted, and from that time entered upon his plan of raising a fund for the benefit of his young protegeé, with re-

newed interest, on finding it so highly approved by Miss Johnstone.

The Queen's Assembly had taken place, and nearly a fortnight had passed, without Helen's again seeing Mrs. Campbell; the latter then called one day and found only Mary in the sitting room. "I wish, my dear, to say a word to you by yourself: Mr Campbell, I understand, dines here to day, as he has some business to settle with your Aunt; now, I want to ask you to confer a great favor on Jessie and me. Will you oblige us?" "If in my power, Aunt, you may be sure I will!" "I know it is in your power, Mary: I am only afraid you may not think it quite right, though really I do not, as Jessie says, see much harm in it; will you promise to do it, before I explain myself?"

'Certainly not, Aunt, after what you have said: I will do any thing to oblige you consistently with my duty; but I can promise no more.'

'It was very foolish, in me, to alarm you, my dear; for, after all, it was only to say to Mr. Campbell, if he should ask you any

thing about the Queen's Assembly, that you liked it very well.'

"How can I say that, Aunt' consistently with truth? You know I was not there, and he must know so too."

"No, he does not; for, to tell you the truth, he went out of town the evening before, and Jessie so entreated and insisted on my going, that I consented. Mr. Campbell, on his return, on hearing by accident that we had been there, believes that your Aunt changed her mind and suffered you to go with us."

"And who could be so mean as to tell him any such thing?" asked Mary, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Poor Jessie was so allarmed for his being offended with me, for going without your Aunt, contrary to his express commands, that she, to screen me, told him that you had been with us, but that Helen was confined with a cold."

"Oh! Mrs. Campbell," cried Mary, clasping her hands in agony—"Did you give countenance to such a fabricated story?"

"I am so nervous, child, I really have not courage to meet Mr. Campbell's angry voice

when he is seriously offended; but you won't be so heard-hearted as to betray us, will you?" asked she, in a tone of voice that reminded Mary of Jessie, when she had any point to gain.

"I can do nothing for you, Madam," said Mary, after a moment's pause—"unless my Aunt will permit me to dine with Mrs. Patterson, where I have been asked. I meant to have sent an apology, but now it will be better for me not to see Mr. Campbell at all."

"You are a good girl, I really believe!" said Mrs. Campbell, "though I am of Jessie's opinion, that your Aunt has made you too scrupulous about many things: yet, perhaps it is the best way, after all. I sometimes wish that Jessie had a little more of your strictness, for to you I may own, that she often brings me into sad scrapes with her well-meaning evasions."

Mrs. Campbell now said she could not wait for Helen's return, and, with a thousand charges to avoid Mr. Campbell, she went away, leaving Mary more vexed and astonished at what had passed, than can be described. She was still sitting in deep

reflection, when her Aunt returned, to whom she related what Mrs. Campbell had told her, soliciting leave to accept Mrs. Patterson's invitation.

"It is melancholy, Mary, to see how my poor friend Isabella has been perverted from her duty. No person could bestow more pains on her education than your Grandmother did. Unfortunately she was not at all sensible of the great defect of her daughter's character, consequently she did not endeavor to apply a sufficient remedy to counteract the sad effects of it—I mean an easiness of disposition, and an indulgence of temper, that led her rather to adopt other people's habits and opinions, that take the trouble to form any for herself. Whilst I lived under the same roof with her, she was a good kind-hearted girl, whose principals were right, I fully believe, both in thought and action. Her Mother, who was doatingly fond of her, treated her with the greatest indulgence, so that till she married she never had known what contradiction was; for, as she loved her Mother so entirely, she never thought of doing any thing she knew she disliked.

"She married Mr. Campbell soon after her Mother's death. He is an excellent man, in every respect; but, from being overpowered, I may almost say, with business, has neglected to watch over the temper and habits of his child, till thay have become incurable.

"When he first began to observe her defects, he tried to convince her Mother of their pernicious tendency, and drew from her a promise to watch over her carefully, and be more strict in punishing every dereliction from duty. Alas! this interference has only made things much worse. Jessie knew how to intimidate her Mother and that fond Mother had neither courage to oppose her child, nor to be honest to her Husband, and from that time has been led on, from one step to another, till now she almost equals Jessie in art and dissimulation. She is not, however, easy under it. Her conscience still speaks, though it is only in whispers: and the time may yet come when her eyes will be opened to the heinous offences she has committed, in neglecting to train her child in the fear, and nurture, and admonition of the Lord. When that day

arrives, Mary, I may be laid in my grave; but recollect, if I am so, I leave a solemn charge on you, to fulfil to my poor friend, the duty I myself would execute, were I spared to see her require it. On the bed of death, she will want a comforter of a different disposition from Jessie; and that comforter must be you."

Miss Johnstone said she regretted the necessity there was for mary's avoiding Mr. Campbell, but thought there was no other means of saving Mrs. Campbell's conduct from exposure. Helen then sent a note to Charles, desiring him to call, and walk with her niece to his Sister's, as she knew he was engaged to dine there to meet her.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson were both extremely attached to Charles, and not a little proud to have a Brother living with Admiral Mayne. He was always welcome to their house, whenever he found time to come to them, whilst he, on his part, became equally attached to them and their young family. Annie Patterson, their eldest daughter, a child of ten years old, was the favorite subject he introduced into his pieces, whenever a child could be admitted.

And he never failed saying, when her attitude and figure were admitted, that he had little merit in the performance, for Annie was so beautiful, that no one who saw her could fail in making a likeness.

By the end of May, Miss Johnstone and Mary thought they had seen enough of Edinburgh; they therefore gave up their house, and after a pleasant drive, found themselves once more in Stirling.

CHAPTER III.

Admiral Mayne continued to reside in Edinburgh for four years, from the time that he first invited Charles to live with him. The whole of his conduct had been uniformly kind, and the only thing that affected our young friend's happiness was the mysterious disappearance of all his productions, finished under the eye of Mr. Naesmyth.

He had at first felt very much averse to dedicating so much time to his education, from the sense of duty he had of remaining with his Father, to assist him in the Farm. The old man, however, would not listen to his objections. "I am strong and hale yet," said he, "and am quite able to support myself and my wife, and may be to spare a little to the Admiral to help him with you. I will therefore follow the advice of Miss Helen, and deny myself the pleasure of having you near me, in order that I may have the comfort of knowing that I have not allowed

selfish motives to influence me, in any thing that regards my affectionate and dutiful boy."

A yearly visit of six weeks was all the time that Charles could spare from his studies. Mr. Duncan, however, found some excuse to go to Edinburgh, either in the winter or early in the spring; and his wife alledged, that if Charles were to go to London, she believed the gudeman would fancy the wheat-seed better there, than any where else.

"True, Annie," returned he, laughing, "and may be you will then think the hemp-seed better there too, for I am sure you would not be very contented, any more than I, to be denied seeing our bairn for a longer time than a year."

"It would go hard with us both, gudeman, now that he is, in a manner, all that we have left. Robbie seems to forget us altogether; and Tom is so long out of the country, that, unless it is Jane and Charlie, we have no one to love at all."

"And why, I wonder, do you forget poor Nanny, who is more with you than any of them?"

"That is the very thing that made me forget her; not want of love, for she is as dear to me as any of them, still, you know, Charlie is one by himself, and, now that Miss Helen and the Admiral think he is likely to do so well, I am more proud of him than of any of them."

"Thou art a good soul, Annie; and hast a kind heart; but, good as you are, and kind as you have been, Charlie Duncan deserves all you have ever done for him, and will prove that he is so, whoever lives to see it."

Charles had been once on one of his yearly visits, when he came to see his friends at Stirling. He was now a different character from what he had been as a boy. His residence under the watchful eye of so sensible a man as Admiral Mayne had tended to strengthen every thing that was amiable in his character, and to correct the great faults in his natural disposition—indolence and easiness of temper, which, though not indulged to any criminal degree, from the time he first came to reside with Miss Johnstone, still had occasionally peeped out when off his guard. A knowledge of the Admi

ral's character convinced him of the defects of his own: and he steadily persevered in keeping a watch over himself, till the task became easy, and, in fact, the evil had entirely been overcome.

On the evening of his arrival at stirling, as he was walking out with Helen, he said, "I wonder, friend Helen," (as he still continued to call her) "what the Admiral does with all my drawings! He certainly has a right to keep them if he pleases; yet, I sometimes wish I could make an attempt to sell them. I may flatter myself, but I certainly do think I draw better than some of my fellow-students, who tell me they can support themselves by the sale of their works, and, as my worthy friend is far from rich, I wish very much to make myself independent, and be no longer a burthen upon his bounty."

"I believe, my dear, he does not intend that you should continue much longer with him. It depends upon Mr. Naesmyth's opinion, whether you are to be another year in Edinburgh or not." At this moment they were met by Mary, who came running to say that a large packet of letters had ar-

rived from Jamie; as, however, it was addressed to her Aunt, she durst not break the seal.

With eager impatience, Helen snatched the valued packet, and, breaking the seal, distributed to her impatient companions their share of its contents.

"From Naples!" exclaimad Charles, eagerly, "what a happy fellow!"

Jamie, knowing the taste of his friend, had given a long and precise account of every thing he had seen and felt, since he had been in the Mediterranean, and finished by expressing a strong desire that Charles should endeavor to gain his Father's consent to visit Italy.

"I am like to be here," he continued, "for some years, if not always in one place, yet, occasionally popping in from time to time, when it would do my heart good to have so dear a friend to love and receive me. I am quite serious in what I say; it is the best possible thing for you to do. With your taste and genious, you would improve yourself in two years, here, more than you can ever expect to do either in Edinburgh or Stirling; and the expense, which is the

only objection to the scheme I can see, may perhaps be managed without distressing your Father. I have written on the subject to my Aunt, and if she approves of the plan, I have no doubt Mr. Duncan will agree to it, and I shall have the delight of finding a letter for me the next time I put in here, telling me how soon I may expect you."

"Dearest friend," sighed Charles, when he had finished his letter, "how it grieves me to be obliged to disappoint you; for O! how much delight would it give me to see you once more, independently of the great bribe you hold out to me—improvement in my favorite art!"

Miss Johnstone appeared overwhelmed by some information contained in her Nephew's letter. She tried to hide it from the enquiring eyes of her attentive young friends, till, feeling that the effect was beyond her strength, she hastily left the room.

"Something must be wrong with Jamie, after all his funny letter! Did you observe, Charlie, how pale my Aunt was?"

"Yes, I did, Mary; but depend upon it there is nothing wrong with Jamie. Perhaps he has related some danger he has been

in, or something of that sort, and that has affected your Aunt. I am sure your Brother was quite happy, and light-hearted, when he wrote this letter, and full of the pleasure he had enjoyed the day before, when Tom, took him to visit Admiral Stuart."

"Admiral Stuart, did you say Charlie! Has Jamie been introduced to Admiral William Stuart?"

"Yes, so he says," returned Charlie, observing the perturbation of her manner: "But what is Admiral William Stuart, more than any other Admiral, that his name makes you look so pale?"

"Nothing," answered Mary, slowly; "only I do not wonder now at my Aunt's agitation."

Fearing that Charlie might ask more questions than she was at liberty to answer, Mary now left the room. She had very imprudently been let into the secret of her Aunt's former engagement with Captain (now Admiral) Stuart, by Jessie, who had picked up a part of the truth, though not the whole. She only knew that the marriage had been broken off when it was very near its completion, and that the Admiral thought himself

ill used. Mary had shed many tears, on first hearing the melancholy history of her Aunt's early disappointments; but afterwards, as she knew Jessie was not over scrupulous as to truth, she persuaded herself that they might have been exagerated, or perhaps one of Jessie's waking dreams, she therefore banished it from her mind, and had never thought more of it till this evening, when Charle's mention of Admiral Stuart's name brought Jessie's story fresh to her recollection.

"Then, for once, Jessie spoke truth;" sighed she, as she rested her head on her hand, at her chamber window. "My poor Aunt has indeed met with this severe misfortune! I could not be mistaken in the expression of her face to-night; but how sorry I am that I knew any thing of it! She did not wish me to be acquainted with it, or she would have told me herself; it was therefore very cruel in Jessie to tell me a word of the matter." Then, after a little reflection, she started, and exclaimed, "Good may, however, come out of evil! I may prevent Charlie from hurting her feelings, by forbidding him to mention this man's name before her."

Mary found Charles in deep meditation over James's letter. She drew her chair close to his, and, after a little cheerful chat concerning old times, and the Brother who was so dear to them both, she said, carelessly, "I wish you would not mention that Admiral's name before my Aunt, for I heard some story from Jessie about a quarrel that there was between him and one of our family, and I don't think she likes Jamie's introduction to him."

"Thank you, Mary, for putting me on my guard. I might very likely have given her my letter to read; now I shall not offer it, as there is a great deal in it about this man, who seems to be Jamie's hero."

Helen did not return to them that evening; she only sent a message by Nelly, to say that she had a headach, and was gone to bed, and that in the morning she wished to see Charles in her dressing room before breakfast.

When Charles repaired to the dressing-room of his friend, he found her up, and tolerably cheerful.

"My dear Jamie's kind letters quite overcame me last night, Charlie; I was not

able to talk to you on a subject he has very much at heart, and which I have no doubt he has mentioned in his letter to you."

"Yes, I believe you mean his wish for joining him at Naples? Our dear friend has still the same sanguine temper he used to have, and never sees any difficulty in accomplishing what he has set his heart upon. It grieves me that he has allowed himself to believe it possible for me to accede to his wishes, as I see, by his letter, he will be deeply disappointed."

"But why, my dear, do you think it so impossible for you to comply with his wishes? I do not believe your Father will oppose the measure, and I can answer, both for the Admiral and myself, that our advice will be to accept his invitation."

Charles, for an instant, looked almost as pale as the day he last walked to the Grange with Jamie. It was, however, only for an instant. Taking Miss Johnstone's hand, he said, "No, my kind friend, not even your advice must influence me in this. I cannot ask my Father to advance more money for my improvement, for I know he cannot, in justice either to himself or the rest of the

family, afford to do it; and I feel that I have been long enough a burthen upon Admiral Mayne. Nothing but the conviction that I shall, in time, be able to repay him my pecuniary obligations, could have induced me to submit to remain with him so long. I have, however, so much reliance on my own powers, that I believe I shall be able to do this in a very few years; and therefore I have cheerfully accepted what he so generously has bestowed on me; but, though I have done this, I cannot, consistently with my ideas of right, incur a larger debt, particularly as I know him to be in rather confined circumstances."

"You have other friends, Charles, who would willingly assist you, if it were necessary, without calling on the Admiral; for he has done as much as I think he conveniently can."

"Do not press me on this subject, my dear friend; I cannot submit to be dependent much longer: I must try to do something for myself; perhaps, some years hence, I may have saved as much out of the fruits of my own industry, as will take me to Italy. I promise you I will keep it in mind."

"Jamie thought, when he wrote this letter, Charles, that he had obviated every difficulty of this kind: he desires me to apply to his Uncle Campbell, to advance out of his fortune whatever sum may be required. These are his own words—'Don't allow any foolish scruple of Charlie's to prevent his accepting this from me. He has long been the Brother of my heart, and is as welcome to it as Mary would be, if she required it; and besides, tell him that I mean him to repay me out of the first picture he sells on his return home."

Charles was deeply affected with Jamie's kindness, though he still persisted in his resolution of refusing the acceptance of money from any one. "I am of a proud spirit, I fear," said be at last, "and though I should prefer being obliged to Jamie in this way, rather than to any other human being, I still cannot bring my mind to it, even from him."

"Well, my dear, I do not blame you, *very much*; for I think, if erring at all, it is on the right side; happily it is not necessary for you to submit to what would be so painful to your feelings in this instance;

for there is a fund already provided for the express purpose of paying your expenses to Italy, and enabling you to reside there two or three years. It has arisen from a source you cannot make any objection to, for it has solely grown out of the fruits of your own industry. Nay, do not look so incredulous. Your friend, the Admiral, from the very first, determined to try whether he could not find a sale for your drawings. Some connection he formerly had with a gentleman in London, made him imagine that he would be able to assist him in the disposal of them. He sent him one, which was immediately sold for ten guineas; and at the same time an offer was made to purchase any more of the kind done by the same Artist. Since then, your drawings have regularly been sent to London, and their price returned to the Admiral, who now writes me word that this fund amounts to five hundred pounds, which he thinks nearly equal to the expense of a trip to Italy, and he only hesitates whether it shall take place this spring or the next. Jamie's being on the spot is such an inducement for hastening it, that I decidedly give my vote

for your setting out as soon as you can be properly equipped for your journey."

Charles's *marble face* might again be seen whilst Helen was speaking. The idea of the Admiral's kind consideration, his own comparative independence, with the prospect of seeing his friend Jamie, all rushed to his heart with overwhelming violence, and rendered him speechless, till, recollecting his Father, he exclaimed, bursting into tears, "I cannot, after all, I fear, leave my Father! He seems so uncomfortable if he does not see me every six months, that, great as the temptation is, I must not think of it. Nothing could ever repay me if I felt I had pained his kind and excellent heart."

"We must manage your Father a little, Charles. I have no fear, if you leave it to me, but that he will be more anxious for you to go than any of us. You owe it to the Admiral to do all in your power to gain your Father's consent, for it has been quite the Admiral's favorite scheme, and he has submitted, entirely on your account, to leave the country and reside in Edinburgh, in order to fit you for putting it in execu-

tion. It would pain him very deeply were you to appear averse to his wishes."

"I feel it would, and certainly it will be with great reluctance if I am obliged to disappoint him. Yet, I must have my Father's full and hearty consent to leave him, or nothing shall induce me to go. It was only just now, when I was with him, that he shewed me a room he is going to fit up for my exclusive use, in which he says I may paint all day if I please, for no one shall ever disturb me there, and he talked with such evident delight of having me soon come home to occupy it, that it grieves me beyond measure to disappoint him."

"I mean. Charles, to go to the Grange, to-day, and I promise you that, after stating to your Father all the reasons there are for wishing you to join Jamie, if he absolutely disapproves of the plan, we will give it up. Neither the Admiral nor I would desire you to disobey the wishes of your parent, however much we might regret his decision."

Charles, after some difficulty, was prevailed on to allow Helen to go to the Grange, under a promise that, after she had stated the whole of the particulars, she

was to leave the decision entirely to himself. With what restless impatience did he count the hours, till she returned! Sometimes hoping his Father would agree to his leaving England, and then, on the other hand, thinking that now that he was able, by his exertions, to add so considerably to the comfort of his parents, it was his duty to remain with them, and bestow the fruits of his labor on them alone.

His anxiety was at last put an end to. Helen returned, accompanied by Mr. Duncan himself.

The worthy Farmer had listened to Miss Johnstone's proposal with attention; but, knowing his own inability to afford so great an expense, he only shook his head, in token of disapprobation, till she gave him the history of the five hundred pounds, when his astonishment exceeded what even she had expected. That Charles should have been able to make so large a sum, by merely scratching with a pencil, was to him almost incredible: and it was long before she could get him back from talking of it to the point she wished. At last, however, he fully comprehended that it was thought like-

ly to be of great advantage to Charles's future success, if he would give him permission to leave him for two years.

"Withhold my consent"—exclaimed he —"from any thing you and the Admiral think likely to serve my boy! No, Miss Helen, I am not so selfish. I had, to be sure, intended differently, and it almost breaks my heart to think of parting from him for so long a while: yet, I love him too dearly to stand, for a moment, in the way of his advancement, and therefore he has my full and free consent to go to the Foreign parts you recommend, as soon as you chuse to send him."

Charles was soon convinced that his Father really wished him to leave him, and indeed it was evident that it would have been a severe mortification to the old man, had any thing happened to prevent it. After many blessings, bestowed on him by both Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, and loaded with letters from the dear friends in Stirling, Charles left them, and repaired to the Admiral's in Edinburgh. He found, to his surprise, that his old friend had already prepared every thing for his journey, and

that he should only require to sleep one night before he was on his way to London.

"Parting is but an awkward business," said the Admiral, squeezing Charles's hand, "I would rather, at any time, face a cannon ball than say good bye to my friend; however, as we must separate, the sooner it is over the better. Here are some letters for you, which I hope will do you good service; and perhaps they may do your old Jamie no harm; Admiral Mayne, though now an old maimed half-pay Officer, had once some influence in the Navy. It is at least worth trying, if it were only to see whether the old proverb is true when it says "out of sight out of mind."

Charles prevailed on the Admiral, before he left him, to promise to quit Edinburgh the next day, and go to Stirling, there to spend a few weeks with Miss Johnstone, before he finally settled in his own house near the Myertown. It had been let for some years; but he now meant to make it his future residence. Charles endeavored to learn to whom his pieces had been sold; the Admiral positively refused to tell him;

saying that, till he returned a *finished Artist*, he would not allow his *name* to be known to any one: "I will not disclose my name Sir, if you dislike it," said Charles. —"I will only call and thank him for the very essential use he has been of to me."

"Fiddlestick. Charlie! I tell you he has done you no such favor; it has been as great a favor to himself as to you; and therefore it is only me whom you have both to thank. Say no more about it; I am resolved on this point—You shall neither be known *personally*, nor by *name*, to any of them, till you are able to do without them." Charles was forced to yield to the judgment of his old friend, and he left Edinburgh with directions to lose no time in London; but to proceed, as soon as possible, to Italy. This was too agreeable an advice to be slighted. He hoped to see Jamie at the end of his travels, and that alone was sufficient to induce him to obey the instructions.

A voyage of ten days carried him from Leith to London; where, on his arrival, he looked like a ghost of the healthy lad who had left Edinburgh. He had suffered in an

unusual degree from sea sickness. The weather had been tempestuous, and, altogether, he was so disgusted and miserable, that nothing short of feeling it to be his duty to persevere, would have induced him to proceed on so long a voyage as to the Mediterranean. He had, however, no choice, but either endure the sea or return to Scotland; since war was raging between England and France: and besides, it was necessary for him to consider the expense, and spend as little as possible. An old friend of the Admiral's met him, on his landing in England, and carried him home to his own house, where he remained a week, and then went to Portsmouth and embarked in a King's ship, (a passage having been procured for him through the Admiral's interest) which was going out to join Admiral Stuart's squadron.

Charles soon found the difference between the motion of a large ship, and that of the little vessel by which he had come from Scotland, and, to his agreeable surprise, he lost all feeling of sickness, and felt as comfortable as any landsman can do on board a ship. He was, however, sin-

cerely rejoiced when he was told that he was off Naples. On landing, he repaired directly to the house where Jamie had promised to leave a letter for him, and was received with the greatest kindness by a respectable English Merchant, who appeared perfectly prepared to expect him; and who assured him he had a room ready for him to take possession of immediately.

"Mr. Montgomery is now gone upon a cruise," said Mr. Smith, (the name of his new friend,) "but we look for the ships return daily. I promised him to take charge of you, and keep you safe under my own eye, for he is fearful that you may be tempted to fly to Rome and leave him in the lurch."

"No, Sir, I am sure my dear friend could not suspect me of allowing any temptation, however strong, to take me from a spot where I had a chance of seeing him. He knows me too well for that."

Charles was persuaded to accept Mr. Smith's offer. On examining Admiral Mayne's letters, he found a large packet addressed to Admiral William Stuart. The recollection of what Mary had told him in-

stantly flashed across his mind, and made him, for an instant, hesitate whether he should deliver it or not. A little consideration made him see his error, and, as he looked at the size of it, he said to himself, "this cannot contain a simple introduction: it may be on private business, and what right have I to withhold it? This man may be a very steady friend to Admiral Mayne, though he has unfortunately quarrelled with some of Miss Johnstone's connections. I will go, this moment, and perform my promise by delivering it with my own hand."

Accordingly he took up the packet, and set out with a servant of Mr. Smith's, who undertook to shew him where the Admiral lodged when he slept on shore. On enquiry, he found that he was now there, and was shewn up to him directly. The noble and elegant figure of Admiral Stuart, and the benignant expression of his face, inspired Charles with courage to pay his respects with less trepidation than could have been expected from a lad of his naturally timid disposition; and the evident pleasure he saw expressed in his new friend's countenance, as he named Admiral Mayne, sufficed

to gain his heart entirely. Truly polite, Admiral (now Sir William) Stuart endeavored to make his visitor feel at his ease, by entering into conversation with him, enquiring anxiously after the old Admiral's health, and particularly how he bore the reverse of his fortune. Then, returning to the young man himself, he asked from what part of Scotland he came.

"From Stirlingshire, Sir; my Father has lived there many years."

"What part of Stirlingshire? I was once well acquainted with that country."

"My Father lives near the Mayertown, Sir."

"Bless me!" said Sir William, starting —"You cannot be a son of Farmer Duncan's, surely!"

"Yes, I am:" returned Charles, smiling; "my Brother is serving under you. He commands the Topaze Frigate."

"And you are a brother of Tom Duncan's? it will give me the greatest pleasure in the world to be of use to you; but I fear you are too old to begin the life of a sailor."

"I have no such intention, Sir William; Tom's taste and mine do not agree on that

point, at all, but I dare say the Admiral has explained to you what my views are, and if, when you have read his letter, you think you can conveniently favor me with half an hour's conversation, I shall feel the obligation deeply."

Sir William instantly handed him a book, and, retiring to the window, broke the seal of his friend's letter. Charles continued to turn over the leaves of his book for a considerable time; but, being anxious to consider on what points it was necessary to take Sir William's opinion, he employed himself more in arranging his ideas than in reading: at last, thinking he had waited a long time, he looked round, and, to his surprise, saw that the man whom Jamie in his letter had represented as the bravest of the brave, was evidently shedding tears. His face was turned towards the window, and buried in his handkerchief. Charles, the moment his eyes glanced on him, turned away, and busied himself with his book, though to abstract his mind from him was impossible. In a few minutes Sir William recollected himself, and, turning to Charles, held out his hand to him, saying, "you are doubly

dear to me now, my young friend. Mayne tells me you have been his comfort and amusement during the last four years, and that you have so won upon his heart, by your affectionate attention, and by giving him something to love, that you have quite reconciled him to life again, notwithstanding all his heavy misfortunes. He charges me, by our former friendship, to exert myself to serve you, and desires that I would consider you in the light of a son of his own."

They then entered into conversation on the subject of Charles's studies. Sir William promised to make enquiries, as to the best method for him to pursue, and after engaging him to dinner always, whenever he was on shore, allowed him to return to Mr. Smith's. An intercourse of the most agreeable nature followed, after this morning's interview. Charles had begun his studies, and was rapidly improving; for, though he meant to make Rome his head quarters, he could not think of leaving Naples till he had seen his friend and Brother. Sir William never failed to give him notice when he was ashore, and made him at such times

relate all he had seen, and every thing that had interested him, in the time of his absence.

One particular of Sir William's conduct struck Charles very forcibly. He never once, from the first day he saw him, mentioned either Mr. Duncan's name or even Stirlingshire. He was equally silent on the subject of Tom and his friend Jamie; and Charles, aware that there was something he did not understand, that occasioned this, carefully avoided all reference to any thing likely to give him pain.

Our young friend had been nearly three months in Naples, when one day Sir William sent for him. He appeared very much hurried, and bustled about the room for a few minutes, before he took any notice of Charles. At last he said—"I have sent for you, Duncan, to tell you that the Topaze is come into the Bay, and that your Brother will be ashore in less than an hour. I am just sending a boat off to ask him to dine with me, of course you will meet him?"

Charles hesitated a moment, and then said, "Could I be permitted to go on board in the boat you are sending off, Sir William?

I have another friend in the Topaze who is as dear to me as my Brother."

"No, I cannot allow you to do that. It blows too fresh for such a mere landsman as you are; but here, write a note to this friend, and invite him to come along with your brother: any friend of *yours*" (and he laid a strong emphasis on the *pronoun*) "must be welcome at my table." Charles was afraid, for an instant, to do as he had been desired, till, seeing Sir William waiting, in evident impatience, he scratched a few incoherent lines to Jamie, and, sealing it, directed it to "Mr. Montgomery, Midshipman on board the Topaze Frigate." Sir William, hastily snatching it from his hand, rang for the servant, and, giving it to him, desired him to despatch the boat instantly. The man was quitting the room to obey, when he called him back.

"I have neglected a necessary ceremony I believe; I ought to inform his Captain that I expect him to bring your friend, or perhaps there may be some mistake." He then wrote a civil note to Captain Duncan, and giving it to the man, again desired him to lose no time in seeing his orders obeyed.

Charles now said that he must call on Mr. Smith, to let him know that, in all probability, his Brother would sleep there that night. "I fear he won't be able to do that, Charles, for I think it very likely the whole fleet may be under way before to-morrow morning. It depends entirely on the information I receive from Captain Duncan."

It is impossible to describe the meeting between the friends. Charles watched on the beach with a beating heart, to receive those whom he loved so dearly; and his cry of delight, as he recognized his brother, was echoed by Jamie—who. starting from his seat, had almost overturned the boat, from eagerness to spring ashore, and press to his breast the brother of his heart. Tom, who durst not linger a moment, till he had delivered his dispatches, after a hasty embrace left the friends together; and they, hand in hand, hurried to Mr. Smith's, that they might enjoy unobserved the delight they felt at being again reunited. Captain Duncan was received with more kindness than he had ever met with from Sir William who, though he had uniformly been extremely civil, had never paid him

any marked attention previous to this time. After the Captain had delivered his dispatches, and related the particulars that had occurred during his cruise, Sir William said, "I find, Captain Duncan, that my young friend Charles is your brother. Admiral Mayne, has done me a great favor in introducing him to my acquaintance; he is a fine lad, and I am told, by good judges, a wonderful genius in the art he is studying. It has given me a real pleasure to be of use to him."

"Charles was always a good boy," was Tom's answer; "I think will prove himself worthy both of Admiral Mayne's kindness and your patronage."

"Have you brought ashore the young man he so much wishes to see?" asked Sir William carelessly.

"Yes, sir, Montgomery is now with him. He is well worthy of the friendship Charles feels for him: it is principally owing to him that my brorher's talents have been cultivated. James was his first friend, and, from the early age of six years he has been his defender and assistant in all his difficulties."

"So I understand. He is a fine lad. How much more of his time has he yet to serve?"

"Three years, I believe. He has been under me since his first entering the service, and a more noble and courageous boy never left Scotland than he is."

"I mean to remove him, Captain Duncan, into my own ship, if you can spare him."

"I shall certainly make no objection to an arrangement so likely to be for the boy's interest, though parting from him is no little sacrifice. I love him as dearly as if he were a son of my own."

"I am sorry to be under the necessity of separating him from so true a friend; but Admiral Mayne has made a point of my promoting him, if he deserves it, as soon as possible, and you know I can much more easily do it, when he is in my own ship, than if he remains with you."

Captain Duncan now took leave, and repaired to Mr. Smith's, where, after the first greetings were over, and he had got a full account of all his friends, he informed Jamie of Sir William's intention of remov-

ing him into his own ship. The pleasure which the prospect of his promotion gave him was somewhat damped at the idea of separating from Tom, who had been so kind and attentive to him during the years he had been absent from every other friend, and the thoughts of it lowered his spirits for the rest of the day.

Sir William received his visitors with apparent pleasure; but he confined his conversation principally to Captain Duncan and Charles, seldom speaking to Jamie beyond the mere forms politeness required, though Charles, who watched him closely, saw that he often, when he thought himself unobserved, fixed his eyes on the young Midshipman with an expression he could not define.

In the course of a week, Sir William informed Charles that he must prepare his friend for going on board with him. as the fleet was to sail in two days, and he did not expect to return to Naples for some months. He then advised Charles to wait no longer; but go to Rome at once, and make the best use of his time.

"You will hear of us when we come

back, Charles, and if you can conveniently do so, I would wish you to meet us. Do not, however, neglect your studies, or make your friends in Scotland think that the friendship of William Stuart has been detrimental to you. Not one of them can be more anxious for your future welfare than I am, and none will prove more steady in their attachment towards you."

Charles, as soon as he had seen the fleet sail, which removed from him so many dear and tried friends, quitted Naples, and for the next six months devoted himself entirely to study. At the end of that time he was summoned by Sir William to Naples, where, after a stay of a week, he again parted from him, and returned to his labors. Jamie appeared at this interview far from being delighted with the exchange of his situation. Sir William was civil to him, and evidently watched his conduct narrowly, yet he never shewed him any particular kindness, and very seldom spoke to him.

"I comfort myself," said he, "by thinking that I shall sooner perhaps get promotion than if I had remained with Tom, and whenever that happens, I shall care less for

his cold looks. I must, however, mind my P's and Q's with him, or I may miss it, for I see very distinctly that a very slight offence would mar all my expected fortune."

The fleet soon after this meeting left the Mediterranean, and Charles did not again see his friends whilst he remained in Italy. He heard from them, however, frequently; particularly from Sir William, who continued to write in the most affectionate manner to him by every opportunity. In one of his letters he reproached Charles for not writing so freely to him as he wished, and desired him to fill up his spare time by giving him an account of his life, from the earliest time he could recollect. Charles was surprised at his request; but in order to please, he obeyed, though he said he thought Sir William would find very little interest in the history of so insignificant a being.

Our young friend improved rapidly in his studies, and was considered, by all who knew him, as the most rising Artist that had appeared in Rome for many years. He had nearly completed his second year's residence there, and was anxiously waiting for letters from Scotland to determine whether

he was to prolong his stay another season, or return home, there to endeavor to support his parents by his industry, and to persuade them to give up their farm and reside with him in Edinburgh. Week after week, however, passed, and still he had received no accounts from them. At last, when he had almost worked up his mind to believe that some great misfortune had befallen some of them, a large packet was delivered from Miss Johnstone, inclosing letters from his Father and the Admiral.

These contained only a simple direction to return home as expeditiously as possible, without giving any reason for the determination they had come to. Miss Johnstone's letter was, if possible, more puzzling. It was evident she did not wish to alarm him, for she assured him all his friends, without any exception, were in perfect health; but that something had happened to make it of the utmost consequence for him to be in Scotland as soon as possible.

There was a very short note, inclosed within her Aunt's, from Mary, of which the following were the contents:

"All your friends, my dear Charles, are

so axious to see you, that I must say a few words to make you hasten your movements. I cannot tell what has happened, depend on it, it is something very extraordinary. I have exerted all my penetration, for the last ten days, to find out what it is, (partly for your sake and partly to gratify my own curiosity) but all to no effect. My Aunt appears to fell it the most. For the last week you would not recognize her as the same quiet composed *friend Helen* you used to know. She is restless and impatient, eats very little, and I suspect sleeps less: still she is not unhappy; on the contrary, last night, when I took notice of her restlessness, she clasped me in her arms, saying, "do not be alarmed, my love; joy is, I find, worse to bear than sorrow; believe me it is that alone which shakes my mind. I shall be better when I know my dear Charles is on his way home."

"I have given her exact words," continued Mary, "in order that you may see the necessity of haste, for my Aunt's frame can as little bear this *great joy* long, as it could endure sorrow."

Charles made such haste, after reading

his letter, that he sailed from Naples that very evening, carrying with him all the pictures he had finished since he left Scotland, agreeably to a promise the Admiral had exacted before he quitted him.

"You must not allow yourself to be tempted to sell one single piece," said his old friend, "till you return to your own country. I have set my heart on allowing your reputation to be established before you dispose of any of your works avowedly as your own; therefore I shall be seriously offended if you disobey me."

CHAPTER IV.

Charles had a prosperous voyage of only five weeks, and, landing at Falmouth, proceeded to London, where only staying a single night, he threw himself into the Edinburgh Mail coach, leaving his luggage to be sent by sea. He fell asleep almost immediately on getting into the coach, so that he did not see who were his companions, till, on awakening in the morning, he found there was an Officer in the Navy sitting opposite to him, and a gruff-looking old man in the corner of the coach. Fatigued and uncomfortable, he could not take the trouble to rouse himself; but sat with his eyes shut, as if he was still asleep, when he overheard the following dialogue:

"Well, sir," said the old man, "the papers tell us there is glorious news arrived. Do you believe them?"

"Certainly, sir; I see no cause to doubt

what they tell us: besides, we are promised a Gazette to night."

"It is all a parcel of lies, I'll warrant, made up to reconcile John Bull to the taxes."

The Officer's face crimsoned, as he said, suppressing his anger, "Pray what part of the news appears so incredible to you, sir? It surely is not the first time an English Ship has beaten two French ones!"

"No, and won't be the last, I'll warrant it. It is not that I disbelieve at all."

"Then what is it sir?"

"Simply, sir, that no rational being will believe that a lad of nineteen would be such a ninnyhammer as to throw away his life, merely to save that of an old weather-beaten Admiral."

"And that," said the Officer, "is the very part of the news which to me confirms the truth of the whole. Sir William Stuart is adored by his Officers, and James Montgomery had courage and resolution sufficient for such a generous sacrifice of himself. I am proud, sir, to own that I knew them both, and reckoned them amongst my dearest friends."

F.

Before the old gentleman could return an answer, they were both alarmed by their companion's dropping to all appearance dead on the seat. The Officer raised him in his arms, whilst the old man with some difficulty made the coachman stop, to procure assistance. A little water from a brook, by the way side, was all that could be got. In a short time Charles gave signs of life, by uttering the most heart-rending groans.

The officer supported him, for nearly half an hour, before he spoke; at last he raised his eyes and said, "In mercy tell me all—Is my friend James—"

"I understand you, sir;" said the Officer, hastily—"there was such a report in town yesterday; but nothing certain was known. Montgomery may be only wounded."

"Bless you, for that hope!" cried Charles, raising himself, and attempting to call to the coachman. "I must get out directly, and return to London. It is impossible for me to go on in this uncertainty.

"You must at least wait till we get to the next stage, sir. You are not in a situation

to walk even a few miles, and besides by taking a post chaise immediately you will save time."

"True," said Charles, thoughtfully, "I believe you are right." He was silent for a few minutes, and then said, "Can you tell me, sir, how this dreadful news arrived?"

"It was difficult yesterday to learn anything for certain, yet I did ascertain, by calling at the Admiralty, that the Topaze Frigate had been spoken with, off Falmouth, by some fishermen, and that it was through them the report had been spread."

"The Topaze!" exclaimed Charles, clasping his hands in agony, "my poor brother's ship!"

"You are not Captain Duncan's brother, who has been for some time at Rome?" asked the Officer.

"Yes, I am sir; my name is Charles Duncan!"

"And mine is Frank Mitchell. Perhaps my name is not unknown to you?"

"No, that it is not. My brother has often regretted, in his letters, the loss of so brave an officer from his ship, and of the society of so tried a friend."

"Business of great importance obliged me to leave town for a day; but I expect to be able to finish it this evening. If you will wait for me at the Inn, Mr. Duncan, it would really be a great accommodation. I will not detain you above two hours, and we can take four horses to town, which will make up the lost time."

Charles assented to Captain Mitchell's proposal, and, on their getting to the end of the stage, he was prevailed upon to go to bed. The miserable state of suffering he was in prevented him from sleeping: but being left to himself for a short while did him good, as it led him to apply for assistance to the only source from whence he could effectually receive it. When Captain Mitchell returned he was agreeably surprised to find him composed, and though his frame shook, from his recent illness, yet he spoke firmly, and had given all the necessary directions for getting away. Scarcely a word passed between the friends till they had entered London.

"We must drive to the Admiralty directly," said Captain Mitchell—"There we shall get the most authentic information."

"To the Admiralty!" called Charles to the post boy: then, sinking back in the carriage, said—

"How shall I ever support the certainty of his death? Pray for me Captain Mitchell; my loss is no common one!"

When the carriage stopped, Captain Mitchell begged that Charles would remain quietly where he was, and allow him to enter and make the dreaded enquiry. Charles easily consented, for he felt a fear of meeting the expected shock in the presence of strangers. Captain Mitchell's absence appeared so long that Charles was losing patience, and had his hand on the lock of the carriage to jump out, when his friend returned. "I have heard, my dear sir, from an officer of the Topaze, the whole account of the engagement. Sir William Stuart is quite safe, and Montgomery was not dead when he left Jamaica."

"Thank God there is yet a chance for his precious life," cried Charles. "Where is the officer?" exclaimed he, as he tried to open the carriage door. "I must—nay, I will not be detained, Captain Mitchell; I must see him, and know all that he has to relate."

"Gently, my dear sir," said Captain Mitchell, still holding the door fast, "be composed and you shall see the officer;" then, waiting for a few minutes, he continued, "He is an old friend, who would not delay a moment coming to you if he were not fearful that the surprise may be too much."

"It is Tom! It is my brother!" said Charles, in an under voice, and fell back in the carriage.

Captain Mitchel thought he had fainted, and, instantly opening the door, was stepping in, when Tom, impatient of any longer delay, gently put him aside and sprung past him. Charles had not fainted; he was quite sensible; yet from an instinctive dread of what he was to hear from Tom, he drew back as he thought to himself, "I could hear the melancholy truth more easily from any one than from him."

The post-boys were ordered to drive to Captain Duncan's apartments in Albermale Street. During the ride, Tom pressed Charles to his breast and wept in agony over him. Not a word was exchanged, till Charles was laid on the sofa, and Captain

Mitchell had left the brothers at liberty to pour out their feelings in confidence to each other. As soon as Charles was sensible that he was alone with Tom, he raised himself, and, drying his tears, said in a firm voice, "Tell me every thing now, Tom, at once; I am quite prepared, and can listen to you with composure—do not, from mistaken motives of kindness, deceive me. I must know the exact truth."

"You shall know every thing as it happened, Charles. I had it from Captain Harrison's own lips. You know he is now with the Admiral in the Emerald."

Charles bowed his head, in token of assent, and Tom went on. "About nine in the morning, on the tenth of February, as the Emerald was on her way from Jamaica to England, she was suddenly attacked by two French Men of War, which had been watching for her some time. Sir William gave instant orders to prepare for action. The Emerald, though an old ship, was still a good sea-boat, and he had no fear of the enemy, as his crew were all picked men. Before the first gun was fired, he sent for Harrison who found him pacing the cabin in

evident agitation." 'What is the matter, Sir William?' said Harrison, 'your looks alarm me!'

"Harrison says, he never shall forget the ghastly expression of his countenance, as he turned round, and said: 'There is nothing to fear for us, Harrison; we must do our duty; but I sent for you to give you directions regarding a youth that is here, whom I wish you to take particular care of. Do not allow him, if possible, to get into danger, yet do not let him discover that you have any particular motive for placing him in a situation less than others exposed."

"Who is the young man, sir? I shall be sure to obey your orders with respect to him; but you know it will be impossible for me to do more than give directions; in the heat of action I cannot be responsible for his keeping in the spot where I place him."

"I know it," said Sir William, pressing his hand, "yet the fear of his life almost makes me a coward. James Montgomery is the lad's name. Leave me now, and recollect my instructions."

"Harrison thinks he repeated the same

charges, with regard to poor James, to several of the other officers, and accordingly for some time they were rigorously obeyed; but we know James was not a lad to be easily kept back from the hottest work: he escaped from the eyes of those who were with him, and the first thing Harrison saw of him, was, his lying on deck struggling with a Frenchman who had attempted to board the Emerald, and whom he at last threw into the sea. Another and another attacked him, yet still he came off triumphant. Sir William at that moment observed him, and was hastening to order him to leave the deck, when one of the enemy, who had got into the shrouds unperceived, cocked a horse pistol and took aim at Sir William. James was the only one who observed it, and, rushing forward, threw himself before him and received the contents in his breast. He was instantly carried below, and the ball extracted; but, my dear Charles, we must not flatter ourselves; he was not dead when I left him, yet the surgeon gives no hopes of recovery."

Tom stopped for a moment. Charles sighed heavily, and then said, "Go on,

brother—What of Sir William? I must hear all now. I can never revert to it again."

"After the victory was secured, Sir William quitted the deck and rushed into the cabin where James had been laid. He threw himself down by the side of his mattress, and, wringing his hands, exclaimed, 'It will kill her, I know it will! Would to God I had died rather than have been the occasion of this!' My punishment is more than I can bear! From that time till he arrived at Jamaica (for they were obliged to put back to refit) Sir William never left James for a moment, and Harrison says he does not believe, if our friend dies, Sir William will survive it."

"There is something mysterious in the connexion between James's family and Sir William. Mary told me something of it before I left England; I observed it, when I was so much with him in Naples; and now his conduct confirms it; but Miss Johnstone, whatever it is, wishes it to be concealed, therefore, dear Tom, do not repeat this to any one except herself."

Fourteen days the brothers continued

anxiously waiting for fresh information. At last, a letter from Captain Harrison to Tom in some degree relieved them; James was still alive, and there were even hopes of his ultimate recovery. Poor Charles now experienced the truth of what his *friend Helen* had said to Mary, that *great joy* was even worse to sustain than excessive grief. His mind had been, by strong exertion, prepared for the worst he could hear. The hope of his friend's recovery therefore took him quite by surprise, and the effects were so violent, that in a few hours he was in a strong fever. Tom's misery may easily be imagined, when he saw this idol of his kindest affections reduced nearly to the grave.

"I shall lose them both, Mitchell," was his address to his friend, who had called to congratulate them on the favorable accounts from Jamaica—"I see this dear boy will follow his friend, and if so, never, never, can I return to Scotland. I would not meet my good Father, after they are gone, for ten thousand worlds. However, I need not talk thus, for he will never survive the information."

"Nay, my friend, do not talk in this

manner; your anxiety blinds you, and makes you exaggerate the evil. Your brother is ill, to be sure, though not dangerously; a few days may yet restore him to health." Tom was comforted, and in the course of a week he found the truth of Captain Mitchell's prediction. Charles recovered slowly from his illness, and by the time he was able to bear the information, Tom had a cordial in store for him. Sir William Stuart and James were on their way to England!

"Then, Tom," exclaimed Charles, "it is full time I was on my way to Scotland. I have been very selfish in remaining here so long, when all our friends in Scotland are so anxiously expecting me."

"You cannot go yet, Charles," said Tom; "you must wait another week to recover your strength, and get a little more color in your cheeks; you would alarm them were they to see you now, and, instead of carrying comfort to their hearts would only be an additional source of anxiety. They are, I know, very impatient for your arrival, but as they know nothing of your being in England they will not be uneasy if you do not go to them for another

month. Miss Johnstone says, in a letter I had this morning from her, that the soonest they have hoped to see you is early in June, and now we have scarcely begun May."

Charles yielded a reluctant consent to remain in London another week. At the end of that time Tom felt satisfied that he might be permitted to venture on the journey, particularly as Captain Mitchell, who was then out of employ, and could command his time, offered to go with him, and see him safe to his friends. Captain Duncan quitted town, the moment his brother left him, to join his ship, which was ordered to Chatham to be repaired.

Charles and his friend Mitchell travelled slowly, at the beginning of their journey, but as health and strength returned, impatience to get forward became stronger and stronger, and, in the last stage to Stirling, they put an additional pair of horses to the carriage and drove on rapidly, till Charles found himself put down at the door of the well-remembered house which had been his home for so many happy years.

"My bairn! my bairn!" cried Nelly,

when she caught a sight of Charles;" "run, Miss Mary, and tell your Aunt! Stay Miss, I had best go myself—for Miss Helen must not be told the joyful news rashly, it may kill her if she is not prepared."

Charles, in the mean time, had alighted, and was strained to the breast of the affectionate Mary; whilst Mitchell almost envied his friend the reception given him by so beautiful and amiable a girl.

"How is my dear friend?" was Charles's first question—"How has she borne dear James's illness?"

"Much better than any of us could have expected. And the dear Sir William—O! Charles, I almost love him as much as you do! He has written such comforting letters to my Aunt, and speaks with such pride and affection of our dear James, that (if my brother eventually recovers) I almost could believe my Aunt will rejoice in what has happened. She tells me that he has been the means of restoring her to peace of mind, and uniting her again to the friend of her youth, from whom some unfortunate misunderstanding had separated her for many years."

Miss Johnstone at this moment entered the room, not walking in her accustomed quiet composed manner, but flying almost with greater speed than Mary would have done. Throwing herself into Charles's arms, she sobbed convulsively, then, rising and laying her hands on his shoulders whilst she held him from her, she exclaimed :

" How could I have been so blind—when every look, every feature, proclaims the overwhelming truth, and adds confirmation to all we already knew !"

" My dear Miss Helen," said Nelly, who had followed her into the room, " remember your promise."

" I do, Nelly, and respect it. Yet surely I may indulge in gazing on this dear boy, who now repays me for all the agony he so innocently made me suffer."

" What do you mean my dear friend? what can you mean? never since I recollect myself would I, for an instant, willingly have caused you pain."

" That I believe, my love, and what is more, since that time you never did. On the contrary, you have been the pride and comfort of my life; even James has never

been more dear to me, it was long before you *knew yourself* that—

"Do, Miss Helen, remember!" again interrupted Nelly—"You forget that Mr. Charles is come off a long journey and requires refreshment."

"I do indeed forget," said Helen, faintly smiling, "I forget every thing now, except one absorbing thought, that fills me with delight and chases all else from my mind."

"And am I the cause of this unspeakable delight?" asked Charles, with astonishment.

"You are indeed, Charles; but you must suspend your curiosity till to-morrow, when Captain Duncan and the Admiral will be here, and then, I trust, you will participate in my happiness, and rejoice, as heartily as we all of us do, at what has so very unexpectedly happened."

Charles saw that it would be improper to press her to discover the secret, till the arrival of his other friends; he therefore, in order to divert her attention, asked Nelly, where Captain Mitchell was?

"In the next room, Sir, with Miss Mary; she thought that my mistress had best see you first alone."

"She was quite right, Nelly," said Helen; "now I am better, however, and can meet any friend of yours, Charles."

"He is more James's friend than mine," said Charles, "at least James can claim his friendship longer than I can; yet I must acknowledge," continued Charles, "that he has been most kind to me, and has taken this long journey merely to satisfy Tom, who was fearful of allowing me to travel alone in such an anxious state of incertitude, regarding my more than brother."

"You have been ill, Charles!" said Helen, turning very pale, "or why this anxiety of Tom's?"

"Nothing, my dearest friend, to alarm you; there, ask Mitchell if I am not strong and hearty, and have no other complaint than excessive hunger. I would not take time this morning to eat my breakfast, and now I am almost famishing."

"You may remain quite easy, Madam," replied Captain Mitchell—"Mr. Duncan is perfectly well now, though he was a little indisposed before he quitted London; and as I was an idle man, and his brother was not, why, I volunteered my services to see

him safe under your wing, for which service I am very amply repaid by the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a lady whose character I so truly respect."

In the morning, when Charles awoke, he was agreeably surprised to see his father standing at his bedside, watching him. "My father! my dear father!" exclaimed he, throwing himself into his arms—"how kind this is in you to come here so quickly, I meant to have gone to the Grange the moment Miss Johnstone would give me permission."

"Ah!" cried another voice, which Charles recognized as his mother's—"there is the misfortune: she will now want to keep you all to herself."

"Nonesense, Annie," exclaimed Mr. Duncan, "how can you be so foolish! Miss Johnstone knows better than to interfere between us and Charles, and besides do not I know the heart of the boy I have reared? He will continue to be to us a son as truly for the last of our years, as he has been since the first moment we have had him. There, don't cry any more; but go with me till our son is dressed; he will then

come to us in the little parlour, where we are to take breakfast alone. I have much, as you know, to say before we again see the family."

Mrs. Duncan, whilst her husband spoke, was hanging over Charles, kissing him at one moment, and at others looking earnestly at him with such a sorrowful countenance as almost distracted him. "Are any of my brothers or sisters dead," asked Charles, "that my mother appears so distressed?"

"No, no, we are all well, Charles," said his father; "it is only the foolish fondness of a mother she is feeling. Make haste, and that will do her more good than all the kisses you are giving her."

Charles did make haste; a very few minutes found him in the parlor, seated between the worthy farmer and his good wife. "You must eat something Charles," said his father, "before I can begin my story. You remember how fond you used to be of Miss Mary's fairy tales long ago. Now I am going to relate a tale, and though it may surprise you a little, I yet hope the conclusion of it will delight you more than any fairy tale you have ever heard. Nay, you

must eat another slice of bread and butter before I can begin; for it is dangerous, you know, to hear any thing of the kind with an empty stomach."

Leaving Mr. Duncan to relate his tale, we must now look back on what had happened at Stirling, to occasion our young artist's sudden recal from perfecting himself in that profession, which all his friends had till now been so anxious for him to prosecute.

CHAPTER V.

A few weeks before the date of Miss Johnstone's last letter to Charles, Mrs. Patterson was persuaded by her husband to accompany him to Dumfries on a visit to his sister, who was married, and resided there. Mr. Nairne, her husband, was a native of Dunkeld. He had left that part of the country, and settled in Dumfries as a writer, being in partnership with his uncle. The two families lived very near to each other, and often spent the day together. The eldest Mr. Nairne was a man highly respected by every body, and had been one of the chief magistrates of Dumfries for many years.

One day, when he was expected to dine with his nephew's family, he was so late in coming that they had nearly given him up. As he entered the room he said to his nephew, "You won't scold me to-day, Da-

vid, for I have made a discovery, in which you were once much interested, and, I dare say, are so still; who do you think I have fast locked in the Tolbooth this morning?"

"Is it possicle, Uncle, you can mean Meg Anderson?" cried David, starting from his chair—"I must see her this moment."

"Better not, Nephew. She is not yet in a proper mind to answer any questions. Let her lie where she is for a night, and then, perhaps, you may get something out of her."

"Did you ask her any questions, Sir, relative to the old business?"

"None at all, David. It would have served no purpose, and would only have put her on her guard, if I had allowed her to see I knew who she was."

"How did you take her up, then? Has she been doing any more mischief?"

"Only stealing from a bleachfield, this time. She calls herself Mary Donaldson, but I will swear she is the same woman whose picture you shewed me eighteen years ago; the countenance is too remarkable to be ever forgotten."

At this moment their attention was drawn

to Mrs. Patterson, who, rising in great agitation, said, "Tell me, Mr. Nairne, what you know of Meg Anderson: I have a powerful reason for my inquiry."

"Sit down, dear Madam, and I will satisfy your curiosity. In my youth, you know, I resided with my Father, in Dunkeld. When I was about eighteen, a family came to settle very near us, with whom I became extremely intimate. Mr. Montgomery was one of the most amiable young men I ever met with, and his wife the most beautiful creature that can be imagined. Her beauty, however, was her chief recommendation, for I had soon reason to suspect that she rendered her husband's life miserable by her suspicious temper. She disliked me particularly, because, from having the same taste that Montgomery had for the beauties of nature, I used to entice him out to walk with me through the grand and sublime scenes that surrounded us, and it was gall and wormwood to her to see him pleased with any thing but herself.

"You should have married Helen,' was her constant taunt. on his return from any of his walks; 'she is robust, and has such

refined ideas of mountains and rivers, that she was much better calculated for your wife than I am.'

"Montgomery never, in my presence, gave her an unkind answer; though I privately wondered at his patience. I have since known that his attachment for this unworthy woman was so strong, that her remarks fell harmless; he never believing for a moment that she meant any unkindness, beyond the uncomfortable feeling of having been left so many hours alone. Soon after the birth of their eldest child, Mrs. Montgomery's Father died, and her sister Helen came to reside with her. I almost dreaded the sight of another of the family; for what had at first been mere dislike to her, in my mind, had now almost risen so aversion. How much was I, therefore, surprised, to find Miss Johnstone one of the most agreeable women I had ever seen! At first, she joined us in our walks, and took sketches with me, under the tuition of Montgomery, who was a superior Artist. Alas! this did not last long. She began to make excuses and at last refused to join us altogether. Her sister's jealous temper,

I have no doubt, was the cause of this, though I never heard it from her, and Montgomery used to worry himself to discover what could be the reason that Helen, all at once, should take a dislike both to walking and drawing.

"Mrs. Montgomery had a very careful servant, who had the charge of the little girl. Unfortunately, this servant was seized with a fever, just before her mistress's second confinement; and to supply her place, for the time she was necessarily unable to perform her duty, this very Meg Anderson was engaged, much against the opinion of both my friend and his sister. From the moment this person entered the family, she gained such an ascendancy over the weak mind of her Mistress, that, when the other servant returned, Mrs. Montgomery declared if Nelly chose to take the cook's place she was welcome; but that she should never nurse another child of her's. Satisfied as Montgomery was of Nelly's superior worth, he yet had not sufficient firmness to resist any decision of his wife's; and, though contrary to what he felt to be just towards Nelly, he yielded, and Meg became

head nurse. Miss Johnstone, though vexed herself, tried to reconcile Nelly to her change of situation, and, after some trouble, fortunately succeeded. In the course of a few months, it was evident to every one, except her Mistress, that Meg understood nothing of her business. The baby drooped and died, and Meg appeared more firm in her place than ever. Another little boy was committed to her care; who, from being perhaps less strong than his brother, did not survive three months.

"Montgomery, now seriously convinced that Meg's careless inattention had been the cause of the loss of his children, insisted on his wife's parting with her and reinstating Nelly in her rightful office. Mrs. Montgomery was, however, immovable, and her obstinacy and violence had such an effect on him as to throw him into a fever. Whilst he was at the very worst, a gentleman, to whom Miss Johnstone was engaged, arrived from abroad to marry her. The thing was impossible, Mrs. Montgomery said; Helen never could leave her in such misery; and Miss Johnstone, after hesitating for some days, resolved to make the sacrifice, and re-

main with her sister, on one condition, and that was the final dismissal of Meg Anderson from the family.

"Mrs. Montgomery caught at the offer; in fact, she was held in such subjection by this woman that she was not sorry to be free from her; though, through fear of allowing her husband to suppose that he could influence her, she would not yield at his request. Meg was discharged, and Captain Stuart left Dunkeld so deeply hurt and offended, that I have reason to believe he has never seen Miss Johnstone since. On my friend's recovery, he was delighted to find his house free from the nuisance that had so long disturbed his happiness, and as his sister-in-law generously concealed from him the real cause of Meg's dismissal, he naturally supposed that his wife had done it out of affection for him. Another little boy was born two months after this event. He was a very delicate child; but, through the superior skill of Nelly, and his Aunt's indefatigable attention to him, he soon became a fine healthy child. He was about six months old, when one day his Aunt was playing with him in his mother's dressing room, and the following conversation took place.

"I don't wonder, Helen, at your attachment to that child, he is the very image of Montgomery."

"He is the very image of his Father," answered Helen, without attending to the peculiar tone of her Sister's voice, "and I am glad you are now convinced of it. You used not allow me to say so."

"O! you were much more quick-sighted in this case. You have been longer acquainted with William, you know, than I have, and have studied his features m re strongly."

"That is an extraordinary idea, Catherine! I should think you had had time enought to study his countenance, since you have known him, to recognize his features again in his child"

"No, Helen, they never made such an impression on me as they seem to have done on you. I am very sorry, now, that my poor Grandmother died at the time she did. My coming home was sadly in your way.

"What can you possibly mean, Catherine, by such a speech?" said Helen, indignantly, and stopping before her.—"I really do not understand you."

"O! it is very well in you, to affect ignorance; it is very humbling to be left in the lurch, and superseded by a younger Sister. Yet it would have been, perhaps, as wise for yourself, had you forgotten your first love and married Stuart, when he came for you. You will be an old maid now as long as you live."

"Catherine, I know not who has invented such a story, as that Montgomery was ever any thing more to me than an esteemed and attached friend. It has been done by an enemy to both of us, and, as a proof of its falsehood, know, that William Stuart and I were engaged to each other many months before I ever saw your husband. So much I feel it necessary, for my own justification, to inform you of; but I must likewise add, that, in future, I shall no longer reside with one who was capable of *listening* to such a story, far less giving credit to it."

"Nonsense, Helen; you know I never mean any thing in what I say. I only was repeating what Isabella Montgomery told me the very first time I saw her."

"Helen took notice of this speech. Kiss-

ing the child warmly, she placed him on his mother's lap, and said, 'Your husband shall never hear from me, Madam, the reason of my quitting the family. I shall merely say, it suits me better to reside in Edinburgh.' She left the room instantly, and, writing a note to me, requested that I would allow her to take the advantage of my protection to Edinburgh the next day, as she knew I was going, and some business had occurred that called her away in a hurry.

"Mrs. Montgomery gave no credit to Helen's threat of leaving her. She thought she had borne so much from her, that nothing would now have power to drive her from the house; she therefore did not mention to her husband their quarrel. When Helen sent down to be excused from appearing at supper, she said—

"Ah! Helen has been poorly all day. One of her bilious headaches. A little sleep will do her good."

"Mr. Montgomery felt satisfied, and made no further enquiry, and retired to rest, little imagining what was to follow the next morning.

'In the mean time, Helen had written

me few hurried lines, requesting me to bring a post chaise to the end of the garden, at five o'clock, as something had occurred to oblige her to go to Edinburgh very suddenly, and without the knowledge of her sister's family. She said. she knew it was my intention to go there in a day or two, and therefore took the liberty of claiming my assistance and protection in the journey.

"I instantly made the desired arrangements, and at five o'clock was at the spot she had appointed; there I found her, and in a few minutes we were on our way to Edinburgh. During the journey Helen was exceedingly agitated, and often in tears. She entreated, however, that I would not question her on her reasons for quitting the Manse, as at present she could not talk upon the subject. I enquired whither she meant to go, as we drew near the town. 'To Mrs Montgomery's,' replied she; 'I must see her and consult with her as to my future residence.'

"After seeing her safely with Mrs. Montgomery, I left her, promising to call in the morning. Next day I found that Mrs. Montgomery had made a point of Helen's re-

maining under her roof; and for some years she continued to reside with her. Montgomery on finding that his sister-in-law had quitted his family, questioned his wife most strictly as to the cause of her leaving them; but could get no explanation: he, therefore, followed Helen to Edinburgh, and used his utmost persuasion, to induce her to return again with him to the Manse. Helen, however, was firm in her resolution of quitting the family; and he was forced to consent to the arrangement she had made of residing with his mother for the future.

"Nothing particular happened in the family, till Mrs. Montgomery had another son. She then, from some imprudence, fell into delicate health, and required more nursing than Nelly's time would admit of, and yet to no one else could Montgomery trust her, when he was unavoidably absent. A girl was therefore hired to look after the elder children, and Nelly consequently was more confined to the sick room. William, the the eldest boy, was now nearly two years old, and one of the most interesting children I ever saw. I paid him the more attention, whenever I was in Dunkeld, be-

cause Miss Johnstone never failed to inquire, with anxious solicitude, about her little pet, on my return.

"One morning Mrs. Montgomery was very unwell, and alarmed her husband so much that he mounted his horse and rode to Perth. for a Physician. He did not choose to mention his intention, as she might think herself much worse than she was, if she knew that he was uneasy: he therefore let no one know of his design. The nursery, unfortunately, was over Mrs. Motgomery's room, and the children that morning particularly disturbed her. Nelly, in order to keep her quiet, desired the girl to take them into the garden. She did so, and, how it happened is still a secret, but, from that hour till this, William has never been either seen or heard of."

'What has this to do with Meg Anderson?' said Mr. Patterson, 'I want to hear that.'

"You shall Sir;" continued Mr. Nairne. "Nothing could exceed the grief and astonishment of my friend on his return from Perth, at finding his child gone, and Nelly in strong fits, whilst his wife was raving in

delirium that Helen, she was sure, had stolen her boy in revenge for having been affronted. To satisfy her, more than from any hope of finding the child, he posted to Edinburgh. Having related what had brought him, Helen instantly proposed to return and nurse her Sister, if he thought she would receive her. Montgomery accepted her offer with thankfulness. Before they reached Dunkeld Mrs. Montgomery was in a brain fever, and, in spite of all the assistance and watchful care that could be procured, she died in three days after Helen and her husband got home. Meanwhile Montgomery had employed me to search for his child. I found, on inquiry, that the girl who went out with the children had left them in the garden by themselves, and that when she returned, Mary, who was five years old, told her that 'Willie was gone with Meg to get Parliament.'*

"This was a sufficient reason for me to suspect that Meg Anderson had stolen the boy; I therefore issued handbills, and sent

* The name given in Scotland to a sort of Confectionary for Children.

messengers over every part of Britain, but in vain. We traced her once so near as within an hour of her crossing the Queen's ferry, and at that time it was ascertained that she had a child along with her. For two years, Montgomery bore up against his misfortunes better than any of his friends could have expected. He still hoped to find his child: at last, from disappointment after disappointment, his spirit left him. He fell into a rapid decline, and, just the day three years from the disappearance of his child, did that most amiable of men sink to rest from all his sorrows and sufferings. He left Miss Johnstone joint guardian with his Sister's husband, Mr. Campbell, to his children; settling a moderate sum for their support and education; and placing the capital of his property in the hands of Trustees, not to be touched till his youngest son should be of age, unless, by some good fortune, William should be recovered. In that case, when he is of age, Miss Johnstone is to receive five thousand pounds, his daughter three, and his youngest boy two: the rest, with the estate, and the accumulation of the interest of the whole property, from

the time of his death, is to be William's; and if William never should be discovered, the fortune goes to his then only Son, James, the gallant fellow who was so desperately wounded lately in the Emerald."

Mrs. Patterson, in a trembling voice, asked if Mr. Nairne had a picture of Meg Anderson.

"Yes, I have, Ma'am—I will shew it you in a moment." He then opened a press in the room, and, taking out a black shagreen case, shewed her an exact resemblance of the well-remembered beggar.

"Poor Motgomery drew it," said Mr. Nairne, "one morning when he saw her on the green before his window, playing with his children. Little did he know, at that time of what use it would be! Now it may be the means of punishing this wicked woman, and bringing her to confess what became of his Son."

Dinner was no sooner over than Mrs. Patterson took her husband aside, and said—

"I must see this beggar immediately; and if she be the woman I suspect, you must send an express for my Father. I dare not explain my meaning, even to you; but it is

of the utmost consequence that my Father should know that she is taken, as soon as possible."

"I will send an express, my dear Jane, immediately, if you wish it, though I must object to your seeing the woman at present. If your father has any thing to lay to her charge, and she were to discover who you are, it would put her so much on her guard, that perhaps he would have his journey to no purpose, and be able to prove nothing against her."

An express was sent by Mr. Patterson, bearing a letter from his wife, containing the heads of Mr. Nairne's detail of the loss of the child, and requesting that her father would either come to Dumfries himself, or write to her his wishes, with respect to Meg Anderson and the stolen William.

As soon as an answer to this could have been received, a post chaise and four brought Farmer Duncan and his wife to Mr. Nairne's.

"Whom have we here, I wonder!" exclaimed Mr. Nairne, as they drove up to the door: "they have driven hard; their horses are quite in a heat."

"It is my father," cried Mrs. Patterson; "I was sure he would come."

"What brings *him* here, sister?" asked Mr. Nairne, thoughtfully—"surely it cannot be Meg Anderson?"

"Yes, it is Meg Anderson that has brought me here, and I must see you and your uncle by yourselves this minute."

Mr. Nairne had tried both threats and bribes, to prevail on Meg to tell what she had done with the child; for sometimes she persisted in denying her knowledge of him, declaring that she was fifty miles off the day he was stolen. At last, however, she altered her tone, and said that the truth was the boy was dead, and she was afraid to own it: he had died of a fever, in spite of all her care, when he was six years old: and that her only inducement for stealing him was, that she loved his mother so well she wished to keep him for her sake; but that, if he had lived, she would have brought him back to his fortune as soon as she could reach home herself.

On being questioned, as to where she had been, she said she had married a soldier and gone to America, where she carried the dear little William, and it was there he died.

"Woman!" said Mr. Duncan, who had now been concealed from her, in order to hear her story, "Are you not afraid to utter such a number of falsehoods? Well you you know that not a syllable of what you have said regarding the unfortunate infant is true; for on the 5th of December, 177— you left him in my house."

Meg, provoked by what Mr. Duncan said, instantly answered, in an angry tone,

"Yes, I did; and you and your termagant wife killed him. Deny that, if you can."

"I can most conscientiously lay my hand on my heart, and say, William Montgomery never died in my house; and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, is now alive, and as fine a young man as is in Scotland."

"Then Patterson deceived me," said Meg. "Had I known he had escaped the fever, you would not have had him now. I was on my way to steal him from you, when I was told that the fever was raging in the Myertown: I therefore went back to wait till I might again venture into the neighborhood. Whilst on the road between Perth and Kinross, I saw Patterson, and I thought I might hear if the bairn was dead,

and if so I should be saved the trouble of going forward. I stopped his horse, and he repeatedly assured me that he himself saw William Duncan buried."

"And so he did: William was my own son. When the child was left with us, as we had a William of our own, we changed his name to Charles, calling him after a little boy we had lately lost."

Mr. Nairne, immediately on Meg's confession, set off for Miss Johnstone. It cannot be attempted to describe her feelings on discovering that in Charles Duncan, the boy whom she had loved and cherished, merely for his own sake, she was to find her long-lost and dearly beloved nephew! Though no doubt could now rest on the minds of any who heard the story, it was judged prudent to conceal it from all but the friends of the family, till Charles Duncan could be summoned to appear, and lay claim to the name and fortune bequeathed to him by Mr. Montgomery. Difficult as Helen found it to keep the secret, she yet had resolution to do it, as both Mr. Campbell and Mr. Nairne thought it of consequence to the interest of the young William.

CHAPTER VI.

"Well," said Mr. Duncan, "I see, Charles, you have finished your breakfast, and so now for my tale.

"A certain farmer who lived—(never mind where he lived)- -had one evening a visit from an old beggar woman, with a poor little starved child on her back, who asked for quarters."

"Starved enough," repeated Mrs. Duncan, in an under-tone, which her husband took no notice of, except motioning her to be quiet.

"This farmer and his foolish wife had seen both the beggar and her child before, and, though they did by no means wish for her company, yet, as it was a bold boisterous night, they took her in, and let her sleep in one of their rooms all by herself."

"That could not be you, Sir, for I never recollect the time you would suffer a beggar near your premises."

"I did not say that I was the farmer.

Mine is a tale; now don't interrupt me again. Where was I, Gudewife?"

"Just where you sent her to bed, Gudeman."

"No, Annie, it was the Gudewife that sent her to bed; the farmer wanted to send her into the barn; and perhaps would have done it had not the child taken a great fancy to him, and called him dad, so he could not find it in his heart. Well, in the morning, the gudewife discovered that the beggar was gone, and had carried off a whole year's thrift—three large webs of her own spinning, that had been left in the room where she slept, but, to make up for the loss, she had left her poor little boy to comfort her."

Charles became so pale, when he heard this, that Mr. Duncan stopped.

"And he did comfort her, gudeman, and is the pride and delight of both your heart and mine at this moment!"

"My mother! my father! both gone in one moment—Oh! it is too much!"

"No, not gone, my son; only your blessings are multiplied seven fold. Though not the son of William and Annie Duncan,

you had a Father and Mother who doated on you, till the wicked beggar stole you from them."

"Thank God I am not that woman's son!" exclaimed William, (as he must now be called) "I could not have borne that!"

"Long your parents sought after you, and sorrowed, my dear boy, even unto the grave. They both died, leaving a solemn charge upon your poor Aunt to guard your rights, and never cease endeavoring to discover you, till the time when, if you were alive, you would be one and twenty. And now what shall I say more? The beggar is found, and has made confession of her crime. I and my wife are spared, to witness that we received you under our roof in her arms, and that she left you with us; and your good and excellent Aunt is she who has watched over you, with almost motherly affection, for many years, improved your talents, and enlarged your mind. The companions of your youth are your brother and sister, and I and my wife mean to fancy, to the end of our lives, that you still are our son. And now tell me, my boy, what part of this tale is so very melancholy?"

It was many days ere William could be brought to believe that he was not in a dream. To be the brother of James Montgomery almost reconciled him to every thing, yet the tear would start to his eye whenever he recollected he was an Orphan, and had no claim but compassion on the honest couple, whom, for so long, he had considered as his parents.

His rights were soon established; Meg was sentenced to be transported for robbing the bleach-field, a crime for which she had been put in jail, an event which, so happily, was the occasion of the discovery of William Montgomery.

Sir William Stuart arrived with James about six weeks after Meg Anderson's trial. James was weak and low, from the great loss of blood the wound had occasioned, but, otherwise, he was much better than William expected to see him.

Helen cautiously informed him of the event that had been discovered. No language can describe the joy that it occasioned him, and his Aunt for some hours trembled for the consequences. No arguments of hers could make him restrain his

transports, till, looking in his brother's face, he saw the well-remembered expression of serious alarm. Instantly he held out his hand. "Do with me what you please, dear friend; William shall no more suffer from my folly than Charlie did; and he can bear me witness, I never, from the beginning of our acquaintance, gave him intentionally, an uneasy moment."

A few weeks made Sir William Stuart think that the old proverb of "better late than never" contained much good sense. He therefore lost no time in gaining forgiveness from his beloved Helen, and in prevailing on her to unite her hand with that of her first and only choice. They were married at Sterling, Sir William declaring that James, by this marriage, should be, from that moment, considered as his son, and, as a proof that he meant to perform his promise, he presented him with a gift of ten thousand pounds, accompanied by the information that he was promoted to the rank of Master and Commander, and would have a ship as soon as his health would permit him to accept the charge.

Admiral Mayne had, in the time of Wil-

liam's absence, unexpectedly acquired a large fortune by the death of a Brother in India. His fondness for William remained unabated, and, whilst he lived, William made a point of spending some months of every year with him at his house near the Myertown. He died three years after the discovery of his potegé's birth, and bequeathed him the house and ground of the Grange, giving as a reason for so doing, in his will, that William might be enabled to secure for his esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, that residence to the end of their lives.

Mary married Captain Mitchell, and, at the end of the war, settled with her husband in the County of Fife, within a few miles of the residence of her dear Aunt Lady Stuart, whose life continues to be spent in endeavors to benefit her fellow creatures, and rendering her valuable husband, and all her much esteemed friends, as happy in her family circle at Leven Side, as she had done during her residence in Stirling.

Jessie Campbell ran off with a half pay Officer of low extraction, whose character

was very doubtful, and whose temper almost equalled her own. In consequence of this imprudence, her Father renounced her, and would never afterwards be prevailed on to see her. Mrs. Campbell has seen her crime, and is, to all appearances, a most sincere penitent. She has privately endeavored to discover where Jessie is, but as yet without success. She has only learnt that she went with her husband abroad, but no one can tell her more on the subject.

William is on the point of marriage with his old favorite, Annie Patterson. He now tells Mr. and Mrs. Duncan that, since they would not have him for a son, he is determined to make them accept him as a grandson. All necessity being now at an end for pursuing the *profession* of an Artist for bread, he has, at the earnest request of his Aunt and Brother, given up that intention, and in future will draw only for his own amusement, and the benefit of his friends.

I have now, my young readers, finished my task in delineating the characters of my young Artist and his friends. I have endeavored to show what may be done, by judi-

cious management, in curing young people of their defects, provided they do not harden themselves against the advice of those who have the care of them.

Few little girls have a more unpromising disposition than our friend Mary had, at the opening of our story, yet, we have seen her temper subdued, and her mind enlightened, so as to render her an amiable affectionate young woman, loving and beloved by all her friends, and admired by every one who had the happiness to be acquainted with her: whilst, in the steady manly character of William, we can scarcely recognize the little timid boy, who could neither play with his companions, nor learn his book. Jamie's daring spirit still continues a striking part of his character, yet ever that is so blended with tenderness and affection, and at the same time so united with prudence, that it helps in his profession to give him courage to do his duty, and in his private character to endear him to his friends.

Let us now ask what was the principal foundation Miss Johnstone endeavored to lay in the minds of her young pupils—*The Fear and Love of God.* This is the only

true foundation for any guardians of youth to build on with success. Had not her Aunt's corrections of Mary's temper been sanctified by this, as the beginning of her instruction, she would have grown up to resemble her cousin Jessie, instead of becoming the sensible, virtuous, young woman we have seen her: and if William had not been instructed in the duty he lay under, in the eye of God, to strengthen his mind and improve his talents, he might have become as weak and unprincipled a man, as the unfortunate Mrs. Campbell did a woman.

I must now take leave of my young readers by begging of them to remember—that, whatever may be their peculiar defects of character, the only sure and radical cure is, to fix the Love of God so firmly in their hearts as to make them fear giving Him offence.

THE END.

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THE PUBLISHERS

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TO PARENTS & GUARDIANS.

Having formed a connexion by which we shall receive from London, all the new Juvenile Works, we shall continue to Publish in a uniform style, a regular series of Juvenile Books, in the selection of which great care shall be taken to have nothing of an immoral, or Injurious tendency, being well aware that early impressions are easily produced and of long continuance.

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